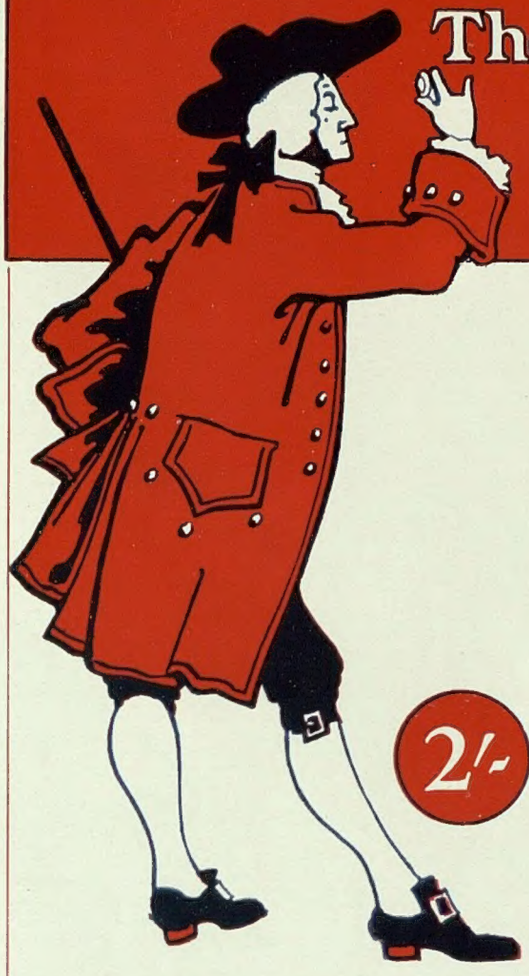
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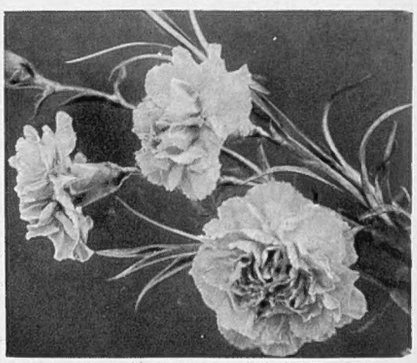
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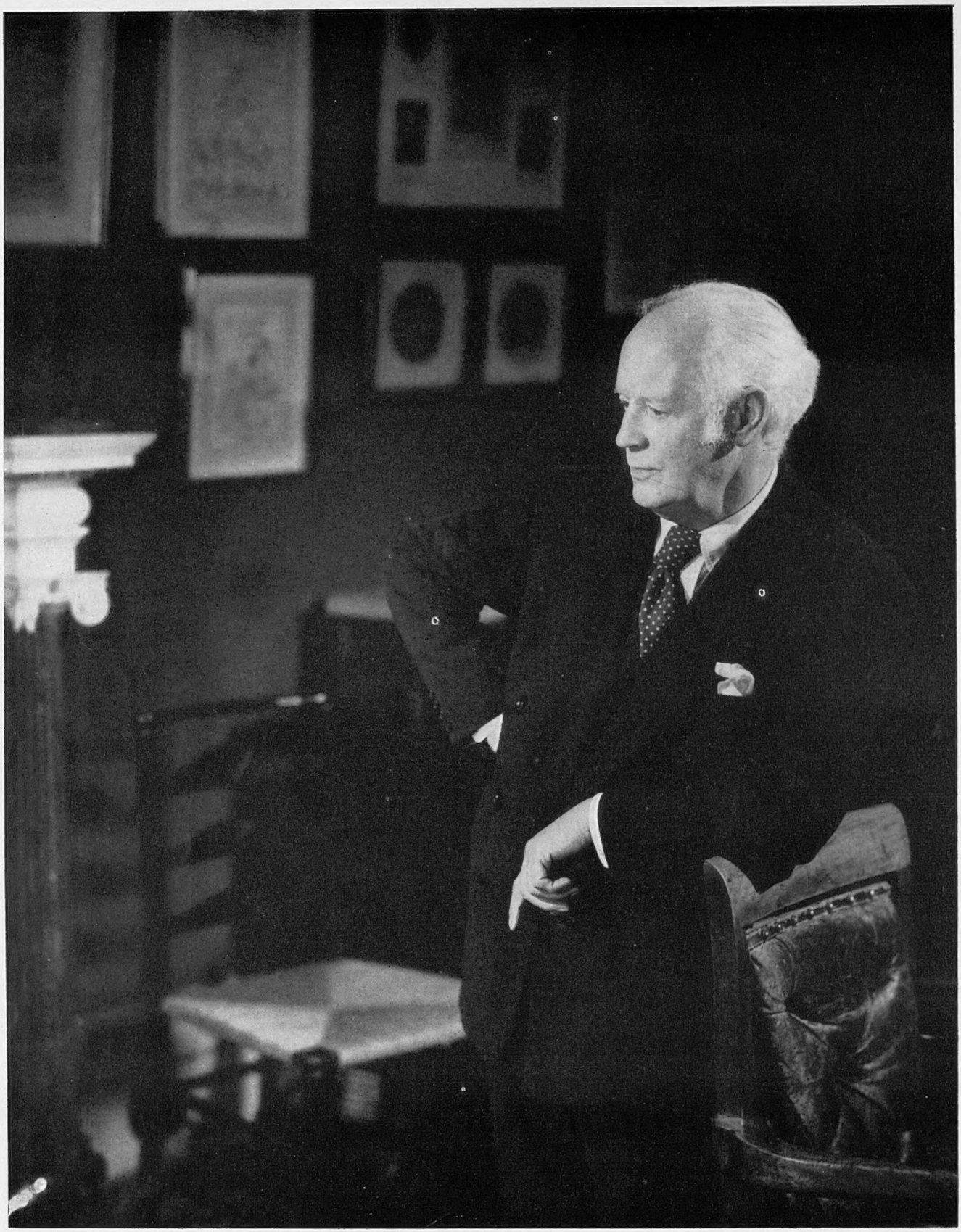
MAR. 2
1955



Michael Dunne

Viscount Hambleden's Bride

VISCOUNTESS HAMBLEDEN, who was married in Rome on February 21, is the daughter of the late Count Bernardo Attolico and of Contessa Eleanora Attolico di Adelfia. Her husband is the fourth viscount and succeeded his father in 1948. The title was conferred on his great grandmother in 1891. She was the wife of the distinguished statesman, the Rt. Hon. William Henry Smith, M.P. Lady Hambleden is seen wearing a dress by Giouvennelli-Sciarra of Rome, which is made of fine canvas embroidered with mother of pearl. The TATLER of March 9 will contain exclusive pictures of the wedding and reception



Eric Coop

The Keeper of the R.A. at Burlington House

HENRY RUSHBURY, R.A., most eminent of architectural draughtsmen, whether as an etcher or a watercolourist, has been Keeper of the Royal Academy since 1949. His principal duty in this respect is the Headmastership of the R.A. school, which is shortly to be visited by H.M. the Queen. He is also largely responsible for the efficient organization of the many important winter exhibitions at the Academy, whose ever increasing prestige is now international

Britain's greatest etcher, also a leading art teacher



Armstrong Jones

A JUNE BALL FOR MISS STRAIGHT

MISS CAMILLA STRAIGHT, the elder daughter of Mr. Whitney and Lady Daphne Straight, is being presented at Buckingham Palace by her mother tomorrow, March 3. Miss Straight's coming out dance is being given at Leeds Castle, Kent, the home of the Hon. Lady Baillie, who is Mr. Whitney Straight's cousin. It promises to be one of the big social events of the coming season. Miss Straight has been finishing in Florence and Paris. More pictures of the coming season's débutantes will be found on pages 392-3

Social Journal — *Jennifer*

DINNER PARTY FOR THE QUEEN MOTHER

QUEEN ELIZABETH the Queen Mother honoured Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke by dining with them, and later enjoying the small dance which they gave in her honour at their charming London home in Gilbert Street. I have never seen the Queen Mother looking more radiant than when, wearing a soft pink satin crinoline, she danced in the first floor drawing-room with her host, then with many of the other guests, including the Rt. Hon. Antony Head, Minister of War; Mr. Harold Peake who was there with his wife Dame Felicity Peake, Brig. John Combe, Sir Eric Miéville, Mr. Whitney Straight and Mr. Henry Tiarks.

Lady Willoughby de Broke, who looked beautiful in a sheath white satin dress embroidered in crystals, is a clever hostess and had arranged it all so well. It is not a very spacious house, but although there were more than a hundred guests, the rooms never became too overcrowded, and it was one of the best dances to be held in London for many months. A few days later Lady Willoughby de Broke left with Mrs. John Dewar for India, by air, to visit the Maharajah and Maharanee of Jaipur.

AMONG the guests enjoying this gay and happy evening were the Countess Spencer, who came with the Queen Mother, Lady Dorothea Head, the Lord Chief Justice Lord Goddard, Mary Duchess of Roxburghe who was sitting talking to Earl and Countess St. Aldwyn, Lord and Lady Bearsted, and Sir Reginald Manningham-Buller, who had come straight on from the House where he had been voting in a division. Lady Mary Manningham-Buller unfortunately had a bad cold, so did not come to the party.

OTHER friends there included Sir Noel and Lady Charles, Baronne de Waldener who came with Mrs. John Dewar, the Earl of Rosebery, the Hon. William and Mrs. McGowan, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. John Ward, the Duchess of Rutland, Lady Daphne Straight, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Brittain-Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Thursby, just back from a visit to the South of France, Earl and Countess

[*Continued overleaf*

Continuing The Social Journal

Royalty gathered for the Lisbon wedding

Beatty, the Hon. Mrs. Basil Hanbury, the Hon. Harry Cubitt, Mr. Anthony Nutting, the Minister of State for Foreign Affairs and Mrs. Nutting, Mrs. Enid Levita, Mr. Jim Joel, the Spanish Ambassador and Lord and Lady Balfour of Inchrye. Also present were many other friends from the hunting and racing world, including Miss Beryl Buckmaster and Major Stanley Cayzer, who, with Lord Bearsted is joint-Master of the Warwickshire hounds, Mrs. Stanley Cayzer very chic in white, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Cazalet, Major and Mrs. Jimmy Dance, the Hon. Jakey Astor and his lovely wife, Major and Mrs. Jack Paley Johnson, Cdr. and Mrs. Ronald Scott-Miller, Major Tommy Bouch dancing indefatigably the whole evening, Major and Mrs. Alan Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. Grosvenor Bromet and Mrs. Margaret Dunne, very elegant in white.

★ ★ ★

FROM a friend in Lisbon I heard of the great rejoicing there over the marriage of H.R.H. the Princess Maria-Pia of Savoia to Prince Alexander of Yugoslavia, especially as King Umberto and his family are well known and loved in Portugal for their simplicity and dignity. A reception was held shortly before the wedding when 2,000 people attended to offer their good wishes to the young couple. Members of all the well-known Italian families had come, and also many Spanish and Belgian friends, whilst almost every European Royal family was represented.

The bride and bridegroom, and all members of Royal families present, lined up in the salon beside King Umberto and Queen Marie-José, and shook hands with the Corps Diplomatique, and other friends. Princess Maria-Pia, a picture of happiness, looked enchanting in palest pink satin, with a wonderful diamond tiara. Her mother Queen Marie-José, wore a very becoming shade of deep rose velvet and fine diamonds. The bridegroom's mother, Princess Olga, (so very like her sister, the Duchess of Kent) looked beautiful in magnolia satin, and magnificent emeralds.

H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, rather frail after her recent illness, was wearing white brocade, with pearls and a handsome tiara, and Princess Alexandra, young and lovely, wore pink. Other ladies particularly noticed were H.R.H. the Countess of Barcelona, most handsome in jade green, with



Lenare

MISS VIRGINIA LLEWELLYN, daughter of Mrs. Tony Llewellyn, of The White House, Binfield, Berks, is attending a presentation party at Buckingham Palace. She recently returned from studying in Paris

a high diamond tiara; the Grand Duchess Thérèse of Bragança, in lime yellow chiffon, with a diamond bandeau placed low on her forehead; S.A.R. la Comtesse de Paris, in pale maize satin, and the Duchess of Buccleuch, in magenta satin, wearing her superb turquoise and diamond tiara and necklace, and a little quilted satin shoulder cape of the same turquoise blue—a colour scheme, which suited her to perfection. The Duchess was accompanied to the wedding by the Duke of Buccleuch.

There were so many handsome men, with beautiful women, exquisitely gowned and jewelled, from the famous families of Europe, that the eyes of spectators were dazzled by a scene of elegance such as is all too rarely witnessed in these mundane days.

★ ★ ★

AS I mentioned last week, while on my visit to Switzerland, I went to Wengen, a wonderful centre for winter sports, which has a huge and enthusiastic band of regular visitors who would not miss going there year after year.

On arrival at the Palace Hotel, where we were greeted by Mr. and Mrs. Fritz Borter, their daughter Marie-Louise and their son Fritzli and his charming young wife, who now help his parents in the management of the hotel, I found many familiar faces. They included Col. and Mrs. Philip Cutlack, who come out regularly every year, he to "curl" and his wife to ski, Mr. and Mrs. "Curly" Rogers with their sons Stuart and his wife, and the twins Michael and Tony, who are all devotees of Wengen, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Thornton, who brought their sons out here for several seasons, Mr. Hans Barnard-Hankey and his very pretty wife, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Foster, and Mr. Dick Edmonds, a proficient skier who holds a gold badge both for touring and racing, and is now busy organizing glacier tours for next month. Others here were Mr. George Paxton, a great supporter of the Wengen Ski Club who has been here, with the exception of the war years, each winter since 1927, Mr. Dick Hollingsworth and Sir Adrian Jarvis, President of the Downhill Only Club, the very flourishing ski club of nearly a thousand members with its headquarters in Wengen.

OTHER visitors to the Palace whom one will possibly describe in several years as "regulars" were a young party which included Lord Plunket and the Hon. Katharine Smith, who was joined for a few days by her brother, Viscount Hambleden, who was going on to Rome for his marriage to Donna Maria Carmela Attolico de Adelfia, about which I will be writing next week. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Smith-Ryland and Miss Elizabeth



Left: Mr. Robin Vanderfelt with Miss Georgina Morris and Mr. Christopher Coleman. The bridegroom is the son of the late Sir Herbert Williams, Bt., and the bride is the daughter of the late Mr. Felix Alexander



Right: Mr. Russell Lewis at the Claridge's reception with Mrs. Alexander and Mr. Anthony Alexander, who is the bride's brother and gave her away

Hoyer Millar, who came over from Germany where her father, Sir Frederick Hoyer Millar, is our High Commissioner. She told me she doubted if she would be fit enough to do much ski-ing as she had been ill for nearly two months. Also in the party were Lord and Lady Ogilvy and Mr. Adrian and Lady Mary Bailey. Lady Ogilvy and Lady Mary were not going to ski, as they are both awaiting a happy event this spring, but hoped to enjoy the sunshine while their husbands were out on the slopes.

ONE evening I went to the weekly cocktail party given jointly by the S.C.G.B. and D.H.O.in the Eiger, which is always a cheery gathering. Here I met the Hon. Max Aitken, one of our finest skiers, and his pretty wife, who was the admiration of everyone in Wengen for the very courageous manner in which she was ski-ing again this season. Two years ago when ski-ing in Mürren she broke her leg in five places, so badly, in fact, that it was feared she would never ski again. She came out with her husband at the beginning of this month making a start quietly on short skis with safety bindings (which many feel should be used by all skiers), and very soon was ski-ing again splendidly with tremendous dash.

Another gallant skier I met at this party was Mr. Dick Fremantle, one of our finest helmsmen who sails his Dragon at Cowes. Until this season he had not been on skis for twenty-five years, but already was going extremely well. His wife, who was enjoying her first winter sports holiday, was persevering on the nursery slopes.

Later that evening I enjoyed a very informal party in Gloggli's cellar at the Palace, one of those impromptu interludes which makes a Swiss holiday such fun.

DURING my stay I met Mr. Eric Lunes, who had come down from Scheidegg, Col. and Mrs. Vincent Dunkerley, who were staying in the village, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Hunter, who were staying with friends in a chalet, and Mr. and Mrs. Paul Hepworth, who had taken a chalet for a couple of months. Mr. Hepworth, a keen curling enthusiast, was very proud of the Wengen Curling Club which this year won the coveted Jackson Cup, the blue riband of curling, for which sixteen teams entered. The

[*Continued overleaf*



A WEDDING IN CHESTER SQUARE

AT St. Michael's, Chester Square, Sir Robin Williams, Bt., married Miss Wendy Alexander. They are seen above with their mothers, Dorothy, Lady Williams, left, and Mrs. Gladys Alexander. With them are Jane Mactaggart the bridesmaid, and her brother John Mactaggart



Left: Edward Abelson, who was a page at the wedding, was shaking hands with Mrs. Ralph Watts. Sir Herbert Williams the groom's father, was for many years a leading organizer of the Conservative Party



Right: Two of the guests, Mr. Frank Lewis and Major L. A. Leech were about to drink a toast to the young couple

Noel Mayne (Baron Studios)



Lord Patrick Beresford, a member of the Royal Horse Guards ski team, training at St. Anton for the Army Championships at Bad Gastein



STAYING AT GSTAAD. Five-year-old Charles d'Huart, son of the Baron and Baroness d'Huart who are wintering at a chalet in the town. They come from Belgium

Continuing The Social Journal

The excitements of St. Moritz

Wengen team who beat Kandersteg in the final by 15-7 were W. K. Robertson skip, L. W. Strong, J. Dewar and E. Buhlmann.

I ARRIVED in St. Moritz at the height of its season, which appeared to me more brilliant than ever this year. The place was packed with many nationalities who had come to ski, skate, bob, ride the Cresta, or simply to watch the horse racing on the frozen lakes and enjoy sleigh drives in the wonderful air and sunshine which St. Moritz always provides. The streets were full of luxurious cars with foreign number plates and the women were, as always, wearing winter sports fashions which are unequalled anywhere else in the world.

Luxury is the keynote of St. Moritz—you find it especially in the two leading hotels, the Palace and Suvretta House, at the galas and the very exclusive Corviglia Ski Club, set in the sunniest spot, 8,000 feet up the mountain, where members enjoy luncheon in or out of doors. Every shop, too, is full of sumptuous jewels, clocks, watches with exotic settings, and clothes—not only sportswear—from the leading fashion houses of Paris and Rome.

THE Palace Hotel was as always the centre of much gaiety and entertaining. Mrs. Badrutt, Andrea Badrutt and his young half-brother Hansli Badrutt were, as ever, tireless in looking after their international visitors. Many of these were going up daily on the new cable railway from Corviglia to the top of Piznair, 10,000 feet (the highest point for a cable railway in Switzerland), and then ski-ing down the Niarchos run to Corviglia or down the Guinness run towards Suvretta House.

I went up to the top on a glorious sunny day and the view from the newly built restaurant where we lunched was something never to be forgotten. The following day, I lunched at the Corviglia Club which Vicomte Charles Benoist d'Azy runs so efficiently, providing, incidentally, delicious food. A well planned octagonal extension has been built to the restaurant with windows all round which gave a wonderful view of the ski runs, and a luxurious sun terrace has been built below this.

Lunching there that day were Prince and Princess Alvara Orléans Bourbon who had come from Rome for a few days ski-ing. They were at a table with Mr. and Mrs. Joaquin Monteiro des Cavalho from Rio, and were all staying at the Palace, as were Sir Gordon and Lady Vereker, Mrs. J. Warren Pershing and Lord Porchester, who were lunching at nearby tables. Duc Mariano Imperiali, also from Rome, was at a window table in the new wing with Mme. Fanchamps, one of the most lovable personalities of St. Moritz who entertains endless friends at her Chalet Pischna up near Suvretta.

Lord Huntingfield and his stepdaughter, Myra Lady Fox, were staying at the Palace, also Prince and Princess Otto von Bismarck and two of their children, Mr. and Mrs. Stavro Niarchos and their little son Philip, Sir Adrian and Lady Holman, Mrs. Andrew Holt up from Lugano where she and her husband are now living—she was skating on the Palace rink in the sunshine each day—Dr. and Mrs. Leonard Simpson and Georgina, and Mr. and Mrs. André Embiricos and their little daughter Cornelia, very busy with her ski-ing tests.

MR. EUSTACE ROBB, Mr. Kerman and his wife, whose parma violet ski jersey and trousers were much admired, Prince Constantin Liechtenstein and the Marquis and Marquise de Portago, whom I saw making inquiries from the sturdy Gaspar, the invaluable hall porter, were other visitors.

Mr. and Mrs. Antonia de Larragoiti from Brazil were there, also Mr. Walter Moreira Salles the former Brazilian Ambassador in Washington, Comte Théo Rossi who had been down to Lisbon for the Royal wedding, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Douglas from Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Mortimer, Mrs. Ripley Oddie who had come over from England to stay with Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm McAlpin who were over from America and gave a big dinner party one evening, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Feldman from New York, Princess Carla Bon Compagni from Rome, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Barlow who have a sixteenth-century home near Cape Town and his brother Mr. "Punch" Barlow who was also over from South Africa with his wife. He had the misfortune to break his leg ski-ing—by ill-luck the same leg he broke playing polo in South Africa, where he is a leading exponent of the game. The Earl of Warwick was expected from Warwick Castle a few days later, also the young Duke and Duchess of Alba (who have taken the title of her late father who came to the Palace Hotel for so many years) and their two little sons Carlos and Jacobo.



Left: Scottish-born Madame André Firmenich, who owns one of the most lovely chalets at Gstaad, and Mrs. Max Connel, a visitor from the United States

Right: Mr. Charles Oppenheim and his wife who was formerly Mlle. Annemarie d'Estainville, daughter of Comtesse d'Estainville



VISCOUNT WOOLTON was President and Lady (Elena) Bennett chairman of the very successful Winter Ball which was attended by over 600 guests at the Dorchester Hotel. They were both in a big party at the top table with Viscountess Woolton, Viscount and Viscountess Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. John Boyd-Carpenter, Viscount Kilmuir, Judge Sir Gerald Hargreaves, the Countess of Lindsay (just back from a wonderful trip to California with her husband and their two daughters), Lady Plender and Lady Bird.

At a nearby table were the Home Secretary, Major the Rt. Hon. Gwilym Lloyd George with Mrs. Lloyd George, in a becoming maize coloured dress, and their younger son David, also Sir Leonard Ropner the M.P. for Barkston Ash and his attractive wife, whose pale blue dress had touches of pink.

There was a very good tombola with plenty of excellent prizes and dancing continued non-stop after dinner.

Among those I saw taking part were Mrs. David Gammans, Lord and Lady Hacking, and the Hon. Mrs. Edmond Ironside, who, like Viscountess Woolton wore a small tiara. Miss Jennifer Burrows and Mr. Colin Ingleby-Mackenzie came in a big party of young people including Sir Nicholas Nuttall, the Hon. Janet Hamilton, the Hon. John Denison-Pender, the Hon. Mary Stopford, Miss Carina Boyle, Miss Caroline Yorke and Miss Linda McNair Scott.

★ ★ ★

LORD and Lady Stafford, Lady Ley, Mrs. Archie Parker and her mother and father-in-law, Mr. Peter ffrench-Davis, Mrs. Whetstone and her débutante daughter Elsabe, Sir Rupert and Lady Hardy, and Cdr. Walter Wilson were among the large number of guests who attended the wedding of Mr. Philip Eyres to Miss Jennifer Llewellyn at St. Mary's, Cadogan Street, with a reception afterwards at the Hyde Park Hotel.

The bride chose a lovely dress of white lace run with a gold thread, and wore a long tulle veil with it. Her bridesmaids, her half-sister Miss Virginia Llewellyn and Miss Jenny Elwes, wore full-skirted cream corded silk dresses with bouquets of cream spring flowers and similar flowers in their hair, while the small bridesmaid, Miss Philippa Barnett, wore red velvet with a posy of cream flowers. Her brother Charles Barnett was a very competent page and wore a cream silk shirt with black satin trousers.

The bride's stepmother, Mrs. Llewellyn, looked charming in a blue dress and little pink hat as she received the guests with her brother Major "Washie" Hibbert (who gave away the bride) and the bridegroom's parents Capt. and Mrs. Walter Eyres.

★ ★ ★

AN exhibition of portraits of children, including the Prime Minister's little granddaughter Emma Soames, and landscapes, by Honor Earl is to be held for two days only, March 10 and 11, at 31 Kensington Square, W.8 (by kind permission of Lord Gorell), in aid of the National Council for the Unmarried Mother and Her Child.

★ ★ ★

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA has promised to attend the Easter Bonnet Ball which is to take place at the May Fair Hotel on March 15. Tickets may be obtained from the chairman, Mrs. W. T. Wren, Family Welfare Association, Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1



F. J. Goodman

MEETING TO ARRANGE EASTER BONNET BALL

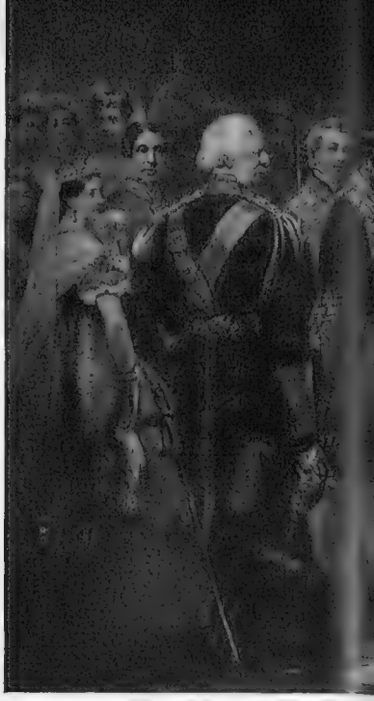
MISS GABRIELLE BRUNE, the actress, and her poodle (above) try on the hats they will wear at the "Easter Bonnet" Ball, a committee meeting for which was held by permission of Mrs. W. T. Wren, at her beautiful home in Curzon Street



Left: The hostess, Mrs. W. T. Wren, who is chairman of the ball, and the president, Lady Mancroft. Princess Alexandra has consented to be present



Right: Commander P. P. Wilson, Canadian Joint Staff, Mrs. Wilson and Miss Joy Ricardo, the dress designer



BLUEPRINT FOR THE DÉBUTANTE SEASON

It will be a whirl of dances

The afternoon presentation parties at Buckingham Palace which are taking place today and tomorrow, March 2 and 3, will be among the most exciting events in the career of very many young people. For the elders it may seem that the parties lack the formal magnificence of the prewar evening Courts, when to be presented gowned and plumed, and to make one's first curtsy—so onerously learned at the instruction of terrifying duennas—combined both thrill and ordeal unforgettably. But to have been presented—and the present parties rank officially as presentations—is still the proudest credential in the social world. Today the Queen, by virtue of her simplicity, her beauty and her grace, more than compensates for the massive pomp of bygone years—as illustrated on these pages. She will be, as were her predecessors, accompanied by the senior members of her family, and the Courts will have all the fascination and dignity which is implicit in truly Royal occasions.

It had been hoped that it would be possible, as in prewar years, to hold presentations in the early summer, so that those who are "finishing" abroad might complete their full schedule of Continental education before being whirled into the complicated excitements of the London season. But owing to the complications of the Royal programme for the year, this has not proved practicable. Parents and sponsors will be faced with the problem of returning their charges briefly to France, Switzerland or Italy, or subjecting them to a preliminary English inoculation before the official opening of the season in May.

It is possible that next year the Royal calendar may be so arranged that débutantes will make their curtsy in early summer.

A large number of events are being held to celebrate the present Court parties and last night, March 1, Viscountess Harcourt gave a small dinner dance for her stepdaughter, the Hon. Virginia Harcourt. Tomorrow night, March 3, Lady Adair is giving a dance for her youngest daughter, Annabel, at their home in Green Street, Park Lane.

The following dances have also been arranged.

MARCH

March 18 Mrs. John Bourne for Miss Janet Bourne at the Lygon Arms, Broadway, Worcs.

APRIL

April 14 The Hon. Mrs. George Waller and Mrs. David Smith for Miss Tessa Waller and Miss Cicely Smith at Stavros, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

MAY

May 5 Mrs. John Beckford, Mrs. Martin de Selincourt and Mrs. Larry Kirwan for their daughters Miss Caroline Beckford, Miss Anne-Marie de Selincourt and Miss Clare Monck in London.

May 9 The Hon. Mrs. Pritchard and Mrs. Francis Portal for Miss Susan Pritchard and Miss Coralie Portal at 6 Stanhope Gate.

May 10 Queen Charlotte's Ball at Grosvenor House.

May 11 Lady Grasett and Mrs. Peter Evelyn for Miss Mary Kay Grasett and Miss Elizabeth Evelyn at 40 Belgrave Square, the home of Mrs. J. Benskin.

May 12 Mrs. James D. Henry for Miss Pearson Henry at the Dorchester Hotel.

May 13 Lady Margaret McCausland for Miss Mary Fania McCausland at Epcombs, Hertingfordbury.

Mrs. John Strong for Mr. J. D. Strong, R.N., and Miss Mary Strong at the Hotel Rembrandt.

May 14 Mrs. Geoffrey C. Seligman for Miss Jill Seligman at Bellinger, Great Missenden, Bucks.

May 16 The Royal Caledonian Ball at Grosvenor House.

May 17 Mrs. Hugh Vanderfelt and Mrs. David Dixon for Miss Joanna Vanderfelt and Miss Tessa Dixon at Claridge's.

May 18 Mrs. Christopher Burlison, Mrs. Raynor Arthur and Mrs. Christopher Knight for Miss Celia Burlison, Miss Caroline Arthur and Miss Susan Knight at 1 Upper Phillimore Gardens, W.8, the home of the Dowager Lady Farrer.

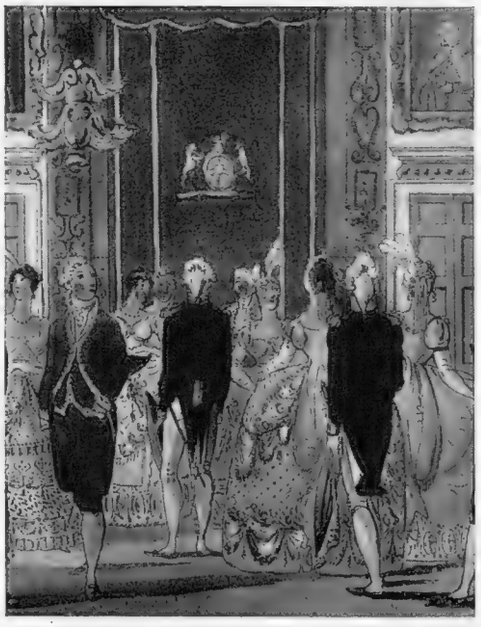
Mrs. Geoffrey Akroyd for her daughter Miss Vanessa Marsh at the Savoy Hotel.

May 19 The Countess of Londesborough for Lady Zinnia Denison in London.

May 20 Lord and Lady Herbert for the Hon. Diana Herbert at the home of her grandparents, the Earl and Countess of Pembroke, Wilton House, Salisbury.

May 21 Mrs. George Campbell and Mrs. Michael Dilke : small dance for their daughters Miss Caroline Campbell and Miss Myrna Mackenzie, at Beaulieu, Hants.

Mrs. Cottrell-Dormer for Miss Frances Cottrell-Dormer at Rousham Park, Steeple Aston, Oxon.



A scene in a drawing-room at St. James's Palace on the occasion of one of the official Court ceremonies in the 1800s

May 23 Mrs. H. P. R. Hoare for her stepdaughter Miss Melanie Hoare at Hoare's Bank.

May 24 Lady Huggins and Mrs. Daniel Swinden for their daughters Miss Ruth Huggins and Miss Sally Probart-Jones at Claridge's.

May 25 Mrs. Aubrey Burke for Miss Meriel Burke at 9 Hyde Park Gardens, the home of Mrs. Hart.

May 26 Mrs. R. H. Carew for Miss Roberta Carew at 6 Stanhope Gate.

Mrs. Cyril Salmon and Mrs. William Reynolds for their daughters the Hon. Clodagh Morris and Miss Juliet Reynolds at the Belgian Club, 6 Belgrave Square.

May 31 Mrs. Francis Fisher and Mrs. Cyril Roberts for Miss Lucy Fisher and Miss Penelope Roberts at Hurlingham Club.

JUNE

June 1 Mrs. Henry Illingworth and Mrs. d'Anyers Willis for Miss Mary-Dawn Illingworth and Miss Caroline d'Anyers Willis at 44 Grosvenor Square.

June 2 Lady Katharine Nicholson, the Hon. Mrs. Casey and Mrs. W. Codrington for Miss Rose Nicholson, Miss Bridget Casey and Miss Jane Codrington.

June 3 Lady Heald for Miss Elisabeth Heald at Chilworth Manor, Guildford, Surrey.

The Hon. Lady Baillie and Lady Daphne Straight for Miss Camilla Straight at Leeds Castle, Kent.

June 6 Mrs. John Knowles and Mrs. Raymond Clifford-Turner for Miss Penny Knowles and Miss Susan Clifford-Turner at The Cottage, 8a Hobart Place, S.W.1.

June 7 Lady Cayzer for Miss Nichola Cayzer at Claridge's.

June 8 The Countess of Dundee for her daughter Miss Hermione Faulkner at the Dorchester Hotel.

June 9 The Countess Cadogan for Lady Sarah Cadogan at Claridge's.

June 10 Mrs. John Sheffield and Mrs. Comer Wilson for Miss Jane Sheffield and Miss Caroline Comer Wilson at Laverstoke House, Whitchurch, Hants.

June 11 Mrs. Albert Kaplan and Mrs. David Hindley-Smith at The Priory, Lamberhurst, Kent, for Mrs. Hindley-Smith's daughters, Miss Sarah and Miss Amanda Legge.

June 13 Lady Flavia Anderson, Lady Gurney and Mrs. Douglas Parker for Miss Rohais Anderson, Miss Richenda Gurney and Miss Fiona Parker at the Hyde Park Hotel.



Picture Post Library

This picture of the last drawing-room attended by the Prince Consort before his death in 1861 superbly illustrates the pomp of ceremony, and splendour of dress, in those days

June 14 The American Ambassador and Mrs. Aldrich for Mr. and Mrs. Walton Butterworth's débutante daughter Miss Cynthia Butterworth at the Embassy residence, Winfield House, Regent's Park.

June 15 The Guards Boat Club Ball.

June 16 Mr. Arthur Gibbs for his grand-daughter Miss Julia House at the Savoy Hotel.

June 17 Mr. Geoffrey and the Hon. Mrs. Agnew for Miss Jennifer Agnew at 43 Old Bond Street, W.1.

June 18 Mrs. J. A. Lord for Miss Penelope Lord at Saintbury Close, Broadway, Worcs.

June 20 Lady Rhys-Williams for Miss Elspeth Rhys-Williams at 47 Eaton Place, S.W.1.

Mrs. Roger Peake for Miss Jane Peake at The Manor House, Little Missenden, Bucks.

June 21 Mrs. W. L. Abel Smith for Miss Emily Abel Smith at Hurlingham.

Mrs. Gerard Leigh and Mrs. Garnett for Miss Sarah Garnett at the Savoy Hotel.

June 22 Mrs. William Pilkington and Mrs. John Baskervyle-Glegg for Miss Verity-Ann Pilkington and Miss Myrna Baskervyle-Glegg at the Hyde Park Hotel.

June 23 The Duchess of Argyll for her daughter Miss Frances Sweeny at Claridge's.

Lady Cecilia McKenna for Miss Primrose McKenna at the Savoy Hotel.

June 24 Mrs. Iain Fyfe-Jamieson for her daughter Miss April Villar at Little Haugh Hall, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk.

Mrs. Auriol Gaselee for Miss Virginia Gaselee at Hamptons, Tonbridge, Kent.

Mrs. Cely-Trevilian and Mrs. Robert Buxton for Miss Jane Cely-Trevilian and Miss Victoria Buxton at Middleney Manor, Langport, Somerset.

The Hon. Mrs. J. Harrison and Mrs. Anthony Burke for Miss Sonia Pilkington's coming out and Sir Thomas Pilkington's twenty-first birthday at King's Walden Bury, Hitchin.

June 25 Mrs. Robert Hoare for Miss Tessa Hoare at Little Dunham Lodge, King's Lynn, Norfolk.

Lady Fairey for Miss Jane Fairey at Bossington House, Stockbridge, Hants.

Mrs. Duncan Mackinnon for Miss Jennifer Mackinnon at Swinbrook House, Burford, Oxon.

Mrs. Clive-Ponsonby-Fane for Miss Georgina Clive-Ponsonby-Fane at Brympton d'Evercy, Yeovil.

June 27 Lord and Lady Glenconner for the Hon. Emma Tennant.

June 28 Viscountess Stonehaven and Lady Hawke for the Hon. Diana Baird and the Hon. Caroline Hawke at 6 Stanhope Gate.

June 29 Viscountess Dawson of Penn, small dance for granddaughters Miss Polly Eccles and Miss Charlotte Bowater at the Dorchester Hotel.

June 30 Mrs. Frank E. Rhodes for Miss Christine Rhodes at Claridge's.

Presentation Day Ball, Assembly Room, Edinburgh.

JULY

July 1 Mrs. E. Kleinwort for Miss Gillian Kleinwort at Heaselands, Haywards Heath, Sussex.

Mrs. John Gurney for Miss Priscilla Gurney at Walsingham Abbey, Norfolk.

July 2 Mrs. Pryor and Miss Milne Home for Miss Alice Pryor at Weston Park, Hitchin, Herts.

July 4 The Hon. Mrs. Lindsay and the Hon. Mrs. Newman for Miss Margaret Lindsay and Miss Ann Newman at 51 Lennox Gardens.

July 5 Lady Howard de Walden for the Hon. Susan Scott-Ellis at Hurlingham.

July 6 Lady Anne Rhys for Miss Elizabeth Rhys at Apsley House.

Mrs. Ellsworth-Jones for Miss Elizabeth Ellsworth-Jones in London.



The crowning moment for a débutante came when she made her official curtsy to H.M. Queen Victoria and kissed the Royal hand

July 7 Mrs. Dwight Whitney for daughter Miss Anna Massey, and son Mr. Daniel Massey's coming of age, at 2 The Grove, Highgate Village, N.6.

July 8 Eton College Beagles Ball at the Dorchester Hotel.

July 12 Mrs. Martin Soames for Miss Elfin Soames in London.

July 14 Mrs. Edward Gage for Miss Elizabeth Gage at Park House, Onslow Square.

July 15 Lady Grimston for Miss Ella Grimston at Gorhambury, St. Albans.

Mrs. R. Gresham Cooke for Miss Vivien Gresham Cooke at Hidden Cottage, Hungerford.

July 16 Lady Sophia Schilizzi for Miss Gabrielle Schilizzi at Deene Park, Northampton, home of Mr. and Mrs. George Brudenell.

July 19 Viscountess Kemsley and Lady Hélène Berry for Miss Jane Berry at Chandos House.

July 22 The Hon. Mrs. Edmonstone for Miss Antonia Edmonstone at Lady Rupert Nevill's house, Uckfield House, Uckfield, Sussex.

Mrs. Erle-Drax, small dance for Miss Bridget and Miss Anne Barnard, her daughters, at Bilting House, Nr. Ashford, Kent.

July 23 Mrs. Alan Routh and Mrs. Cecil Madden for Miss Anne Routh and Miss Mardie Madden at Knowle Lodge, Fair Oak, Nr. Winchester, Hants.

July 29 Mrs. H. E. B. Gundry for Miss Susan Gundry at Grange, Honiton, Devon.

July 30 Mrs. Sebastian Snow for Miss Lavinia Snow in Devonshire.

AUGUST

August 5 Lady Milburn for Miss Susan Milburn at Guyzance Hall, Acklington, Northumberland.

August 25 Mrs. Ralph Turton for Miss Cecilia Turton at Upsall Castle, Thirsk, Yorks.

SEPTEMBER

Sept. 8 The Hon. Mrs. Gascoigne for Miss Veronica Gascoigne, in Aberdeenshire.

Sept. 9 Mrs. Graeme Whitelaw for Miss Sally Whitelaw at Knockando House, Knockando, Morayshire.

Sept. 28 Lady Monson for the Hon. Sandra Monson, and the Hon. Jeremy Monson's coming of age, at the Dorchester Hotel.

Sept. 30 Lady Lycett Green for Miss Livia Lycett Green at Ken Hill, Snettisham, King's Lynn, Norfolk.

OCTOBER

Oct. 7 Lady Earle, Mrs. Douglas McBean and Mrs. Theodore Timpson for Miss Belinda Earle, Miss Georginia McBean and Miss Diana Timpson in London.

Roundabout



—Paul Holt

Now is the time for all good girls to come to the aid of The Season.

From finishing schools in Paris, Florence, Switzerland they are streaming home to present themselves to their frantic mammas and glum papas. No more French conversation at meals, no more tennis-playing nuns, no more catalogued trips to the Pitti, the Uffizi, the Louvre. No more of La Scala, Milan. Phew!

Ahead there lie the presentation parties, the dancing on the lawn, the escaping from chaperones by punt on the Cam, and sausages at dawn. Ahead lies Ascot. A deb to whom I am devoted said to me last year: "Ascot's a bit trappy, you know.



My escort *would* look at the race card and he had a small blue book he called a Form Book. It was very boring."

But what to do with these bouncing young women until the season really gets going?

The dressmaker, the hairdresser and the photographer are not enough to occupy the minds and absorb the high spirits of the girls. I know. I have seen these young beauties winding themselves up for the pleasures of their first season and it is a fearsome sight.

But this season at least one young thing is having the time of her life at this trying time of her life.

She is in a nursing home.

When she came home and suddenly flopped out flat with an acute appendix her parents were dismayed. But she was not.

In the first place, she had a handsome surgeon and after the beastly thing was out he would come round in the morning, sit on the bed and tell her stories fit to split her stitches.

This was a great improvement on tennis with the nuns.

Then, to her startled surprise, young men began to call. Of course, she reasoned to herself, it might be they were simply on reconnaissance, finding out for themselves where will lie the most rewarding terrain for parties, dinners and dances this season.

But she shut her mind to that, put on her best bed jacket, a touching little number in dust brick red that set her hair blazing.

She wore no make-up, wise child, and looked adorable.

The first chap to call made a tactical error. He brought all five volumes of Osbert Sitwell's autobiography and talked about Michael Tippett's new opera. Out.

Next man in had a much better idea. He brought Scrabble, the funny word game, and they played happily until Mamma arrived.

This sudden maternal appearance warned our invalid that guile must be used, for there was every possibility that the young man at her bedside might not be on Mamma's list. She set herself to arranging that her gentlemen callers should arrive at odd hours, when parents are busy.

Next man was a real peach. He turned up with a wicker basket, from which emerged oysters, smoked salmon, potted shrimps, a small Wiener schnitzel with crossed anchovies, and (like himself) a large peach.

The invalid decided she would marry him right away and save her parents the cost of the season, until another fellow came along with champagne.

He also had a portable gramophone and a full set of the discs of Eartha Kitt. Heaven.

Deirdre (for that is her name, since she was born at a time when parents were even calling their girls Mifanwy) decided that the punishment for bigamy would very likely be worth it.

But now she stares ahead with clouded eyes. Her stitches are out and she must convalesce at Bournemouth with Papa as chaperon.

She will sit in a solarium and watch the blizzards, while Papa fidgets to play gin rummy. And Mamma has given her to read the new edition of Etiquette for All Occasions—*Manners and Rules of Good Society* by a member of the aristocracy, brought bang up to date by Joan Storey and printed in Great Britain by Frederick Warne (8s. 6d.).

With the greatest relief she has already noted that presentation at Court is just now in abeyance and presentation parties have taken their place.

This means that the accursed curtsy is no longer essential nor is that agonizing wait in a car in the Mall, wearing white plumes in the hair like a circus pony and subject to the stares of rude small boys.

("Skinny, ain't she?"—and, final humiliation, "May I have your autograph, Miss Monroe?")

Débutantes are sensitive to this sort of thing, for nobody knows better than they that if they haven't kept their puppy fat they've got salt cellars. It takes a girl a while to settle down to her natural contours.

Snags lie ahead for Deirdre. An Archbishop should be addressed as Archbishop by the upper classes and as Your Grace by the clergy and all other classes. What class is a débutante?



But a lady should not address her husband simply as Jones, but should add the prefix to it, although the wife of a peer may, can and does refer to her husband as Loamshire when talking about him to others.

And it gets trickier all the time. "When a widow or single woman is hostess, and there is no gentleman of the family present to act as host, the gentleman second in rank should take down the lady of the highest rank, leading the way with her to the dining-room, the hostess following last, with the gentleman of highest rank."

Nor is that all. When two earls are present at a dinner party the dates of their respective patents of nobility decide the order of precedence due to them, while a young wife of a baronet takes precedence over the elderly wife of a baronet if the creation of her husband's title bears an earlier date.

IN Deirdre's innocent opinion this is liable to let the soup get cold. And another little rule she knows will lead to tears. "In case of either a husband's sister or a wife's sister being required to act as hostess, precedence shall be given to the wife's sister."

The play *A Sister To Assist 'Er* did not exploit this theme thoroughly enough.

The chapter on hand-shaking is almost tender in its solicitude for the victims of this ordeal. Generally speaking it adds up to the fact that the hostess is expected to shake, while others may get along with a bow, but . . . "If, however, a bow is felt to be unfriendly, the hand is held out."

Ladies hold their hands out first. Men don't shake hands with their gloves on, while . . . it not infrequently occurs that one may meet a person, who, being of a nervous disposition, is obviously in doubt . . . it would always be kinder to offer promptly to shake hands. But (says this fair minded book) if you aren't nervous, when in doubt *don't*!

THERE are also some trenchant remarks on the problems that surround Meeting in the Street. Here is social usage in its most protective mood.

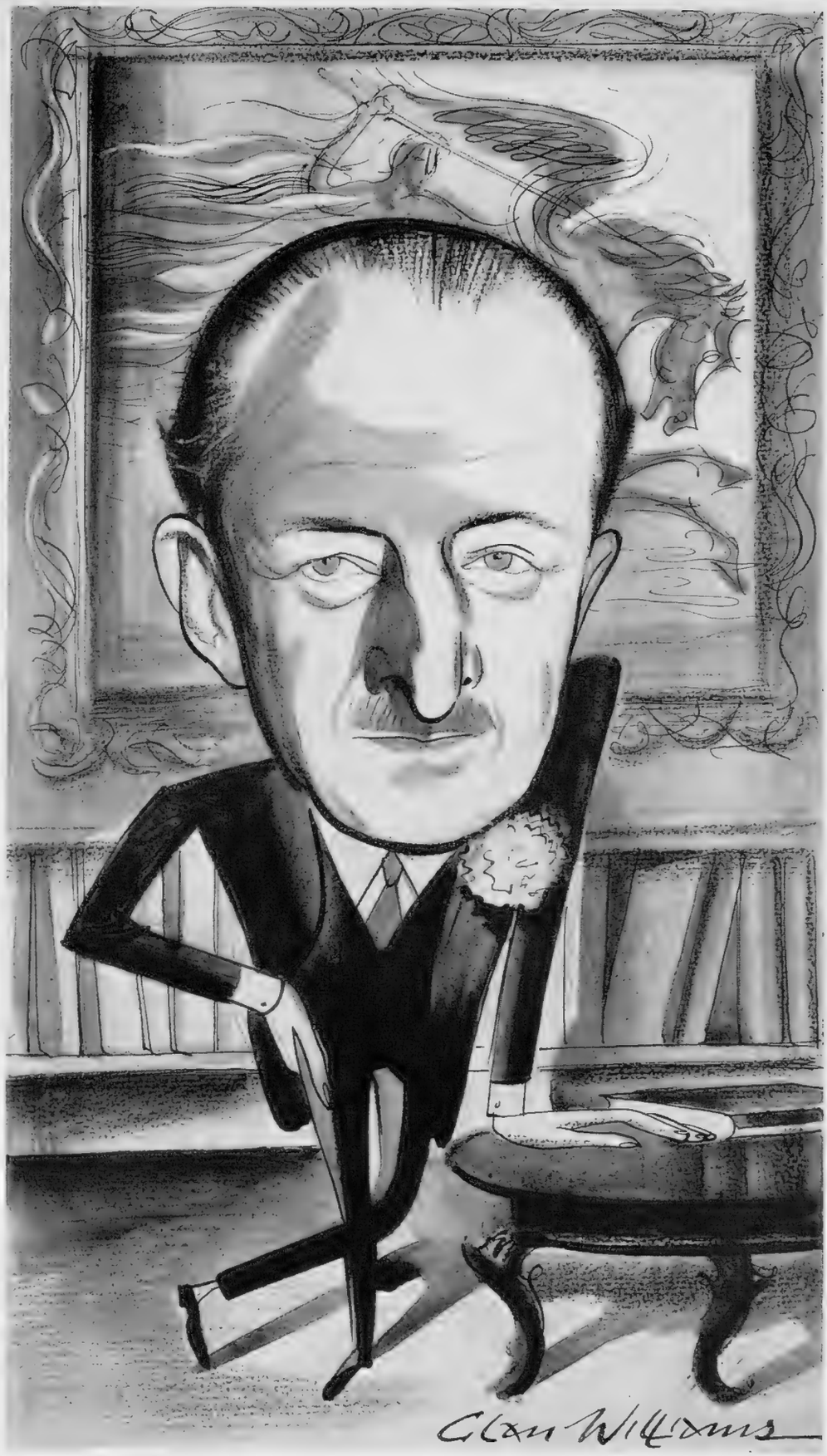
It is invariably the place of the lady to take the initiative when meeting one of the opposite sex and no gent should raise his hat until he has received the lady's come-on sign.

Likewise if, when two friends are out walking together, one of them should meet an acquaintance unknown to the other, a lady would take no notice of her friend's acquaintance. . . .

In Deirdre's opinion, however, she would slip them a couple of sideways glances, for you never can tell.

It is, just the same, plain common sense that ladies do not acknowledge those with whom they have merely conversed in a casual way. They are never quite certain of being remembered, or (says this practical aristocrat) the other party might be shortsighted!

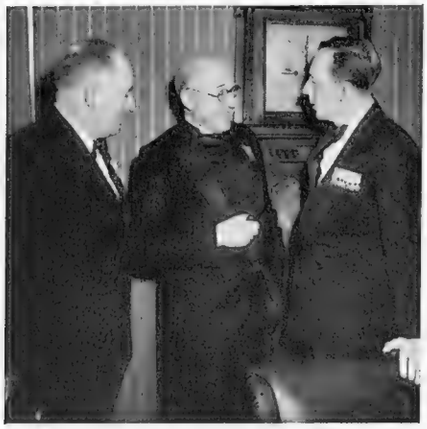
An invaluable book. Nobody who aspires to pleasant communication with a fellow being should be without it.



LT.-GENERAL SIR FREDERICK A. M. BROWNING, K.C.V.O., K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., is, as Treasurer to H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, a prominent member of the Royal Household. So debonair and light-hearted is he (cf. his friends appelation, "Boy" Browning) that at times it is difficult to realize that his military career is one of the most impressive of the century. He served with distinction in the first World War, and in the history of the second his name will be for ever identified with the inception, training and use of that novel and immensely effective arm, the Airborne Forces whose symbol the cartoonist shows on the wall behind him. He commanded a battalion of the Grenadier Guards from 1936-39, and from 1944-46 was Chief of Staff, South-East Asia Command. Lt.-Gen. Browning is married to Daphne du Maurier, the celebrated romantic novelist, daughter of Sir Gerald du Maurier the actor

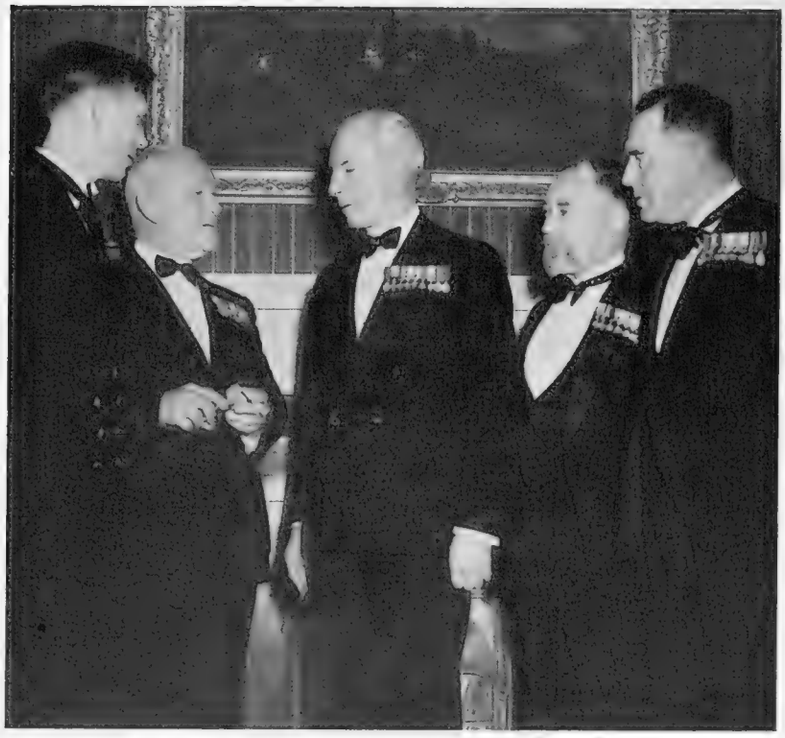
"SEA URCHINS" DINE TOGETHER

THE annual dinner and general meeting of the R.N.R. Officers' Club (Sea Urchins), Liverpool, was held at the University Club, Mount Pleasant. Among those present were Vice-Admiral J. W. Cuthbert, C.B., C.B.E., Admiral Commanding Reserves



Left: Lt.-Cdr. A. H. Smith, Vice-President, and the Rev. Canon G. W. Evans, M.B.E., A.K.C., with Capt. D. R. F. Campbell, D.S.C., R.N.

Right: Lt. G. Singleton, Cdr. R. P. Galer, C.B.E., the President, Vice-Admiral J. W. Cuthbert, C.B., C.B.E., Capt. W. B. Piggot, O.B.E., D.S.C., Capt. R. V. E. Case, D.S.O., D.S.C.



DINING IN

Television "Trays"

—Helen Burke

"LOOKING-IN" is changing the eating habits of a great many of us. The dieards who scorn to own a television set will, no doubt, come to one in time and housewives, willy-nilly, will adapt their cooking routine or the mealtimes of their families, or both, to fit in with the "viewing" hours.

Those charming weather men must be seen. The news is not all that important, for sound radio has already given it, but on those occasions when we do not want to miss the 7.30 or 7.45 evening programme, we eat our meals from trays and enjoy them leisurely.

During cold weather, this means a cup rather than a plate of soup (being much less spillable), followed by foods easy to manipulate. Fork and/or spoon dishes are the most convenient. Quiche Lorraine is one. It is a classic bacon-custard or bacon-cheese-and-custard flan. Serve with it a finely cut raw cabbage salad, perhaps, and follow it with an equally suitable sweet such as, say, a Savarin and fruit.

FOR the Quiche: line a flan ring or sandwich tin with a good rich short crust or flaky pastry and prick the bottom. Strew on it lightly grilled or blanched matchsticks of thinnish streaky bacon and, if you like, cover them with slivers of mild cheese. On top, pour a custard made in the proportions of two beaten eggs and a teacup of top milk cream, seasoned to taste (remembering that the bacon and cheese are already salted). As in so many cheese-custard combinations, a few grains of Cayenne pepper are desirable.

Bake for 10 minutes in the upper half of a good oven (425 deg. F.), lower the heat to 350 deg. F. and bake for 20 to 25 minutes in all. If you use glass ovenware, probably a little longer baking time will be required, because of the thickness of the glass, but you can see when the crust is browned, so need not worry on this score.

What I call "Swiss Flan" is made in almost the same way. Place a layer of thinly sliced barely cooked potatoes in the flan, then one of Gruyère cheese, then another layer of potatoes. Pour a similar custard on top and bake for a little less time.

Kedgeree is another convenient dish and here is a recipe with which you may not yet have met: Melt an ounce or so of butter in a pan and add a cup of best round rice, Carolina for preference. Cook for 2 to 3 minutes, shaking the pan to coat the rice but not colour it. Add 2 to 2½ cups water or fish stock and seasoning to taste. Bring to the boil. Cover tightly with a piece of greaseproof paper, the exact size of the pan, with a small air hole in the centre. Bake in a moderate oven for 17 to 18 minutes.

MELT a good pat of butter in a largish frying-pan. Add whatever flaked cooked fish you intend to use, preferably mild smoked haddock, and the cooked rice. Have ready a hard-boiled egg per head. Chop half and mix it in. Garnish the dish with the other halved eggs, cut in eighths. Some people would like a little curry sauce with Kedgeree.

And Shepherd's Pie? Why not? It is one of the best rechauffé dishes possible. It is served in France as *Hachis Parmentier*—with no apologies.



DINING OUT

Midday with Darwin

THERE are many reasons for going to the Zoo: to get into the open air and take some exercise, with the additional interest of looking at the inmates, to amuse your or somebody else's children, or yourself, and, of course, to feed the animals.

It is, however, surprising the number of people who go there to feed themselves, and rather late in life I have discovered the considerable value to be obtained by becoming a Fellow.

There are few places I know which make such a pleasant change from the rush and bustle of the West End than the Fellows' Restaurant and Bar at Regent's Park. It is intriguing for your guests when they find themselves being taken out to lunch in the opposite direction to their usual haunts, and a surprise to many of them when they land up outside the Zoo, where you have the great advantage of being able to leave your car without the slightest difficulty. It is a delight when they find themselves taking their apéritif or eating their meal, being able at the same time to gaze out over the gardens and contemplate the humps of the placid dromedary; all this in a room very well heated in the winter and beautifully cool in the summer.

BUT the important thing is that the food, the wines and the service match the excellence of the surroundings, thanks to the hard-worked but imperturbable Controller of Catering, William Hill, who can supply anything from a bun to a banquet with equal aplomb.

The menu is comprehensive, cuisine French and English, the meat for the grills and roasts being exclusively English. They make a great speciality of their sweets for special occasions; if you are a party of ornithologists you will probably get a bird's nest full of marzipan eggs, while an Arctic explorer might have an iceberg with chocolate seals basking on it.

The wine list is very adequate, prices being most reasonable, in many cases under £1 a bottle. For example, two clarets, Château Ducru Beaucaillou 1950 at 13s. 6d., Château Rausan Segla 1947 (Château bottled) at 16s. 6d.; a burgundy, Vosne Romanée-Francisque Dumas 1949 at 19s. 6d.; a hock, Liebfraumilch Riesling-Gebruder Simon 1947 at 18s. and so on, with the alternative of red, white and rosé at 2s. a glass or *en carafe*.

THE Zoo might be the last place you would consider giving a party or a banquet, but it is no novelty as far as the Catering Controller is concerned. Not so long ago the Wine and Food Society held a most successful dinner there for 120 guests, and no less a personage than Sir Malcolm Sargent gave a party there to the whole of the B.B.C Orchestra.

From June to September it is open on Saturday evenings for dinner when the gardens are floodlit.

I should point out that it is not necessary to become a Fellow of the Zoological Society to enjoy your lunch. There is an excellent restaurant in a similar position to that used by the Fellows, but which does not have the pleasure of privacy enjoyed in a "members' enclosure."

—I. Bickerstaff



Left : Mr. Charles Gore was escorting Lady Rose Bligh, who is a daughter of the Earl of Darnley, to the dance floor after dinner



Mrs. D. Shaw, Miss S. Hoyle, whose 21st birthday it was, Mr. and Mrs. J. Charkham, Miss S. Gulland and Mr. M. Pellew

DANCERS DINED AT A WINTER BALL

THE Winter Ball held at the Dorchester, which Lady Bennett has organised since 1951, has become a most successful annual event. The evening's programme included a reception and dinner as well as dancing



Mrs. David Rutland, Mr. David Rutland, Mrs. James Wesley-Smith and Mr. James Wesley-Smith were enjoying the evening



Left : Miss Sally Clive, Miss Linda Macnair Scott, who was a member of the junior committee for this good ball, and Mr. Hugh Tennant



Right : Miss Sonia Birdwood, Mr. Martin Brooks, the Hon. Mrs. Francis Hadwen, whose twenty-first birthday it was, and Mr. Francis Hadwen

Swaebe



DONNA MARIA VALGUARNERA (DEI PRINCIPI) DI NISCEMI is the daughter of Prince and Princess Corrado di Niscemi, of Palermo, Sicily, and the Mayfair House, Philadelphia, U.S.A. An expert designer of jewellery, she is at present finishing a new collection in Paris, and is wearing a necklace designed and made by herself



F. J. Goodman

MLLE. ELIZABETH DE BELLEVILLE is the daughter of the Marquis and Marquise de Belleville and was educated in Paris, Washington and South America, where the family own large estates. The Marquis has some properties at Belleville-sur-Mer, which have been in the family for over a thousand years

Priscilla in Paris

Cocteau's Pastels

QUERY : Why did Jean Cocteau choose the Galerie du Pont des Arts—the tiniest gallery in Paris—for his first exhibition of painting ?

Answer : Because even the Grand Palais would be too small to contain all his friends, enemies and admirers !

Knowing a crush to be inevitable our ever delightful Jean probably decided that it might as well be a record breaker. It certainly was ! At one moment the shop-and-small-back-room (with all due apologies to its artistic status, Louise Weill's famous gallery cannot be described otherwise) was so crowded that the incessantly arriving visitors were massed outside on the pavement of the narrow, one-way rue Bonaparte.

I was lucky to be in the wake of a 15-stone fairy who forced her way inside by sheer muscular determination. Little Mme. André Warnod, wife of the eminent art critic, was not so happy. Motor-bus 39, skidding through a puddle, drenched her as she stepped back from the doorway to let some departing guests pass. Not that many seemed wishful to depart. Once in, they remained in. Packed like dates in a crate, like Saturday noon home-goers in the Bronx subway or Parisians in the Metro on their way to Auteuil for a Sunday race-meeting.

WHEN questioned about this latest manifestation of his versatility, France's terrible child simply replies : " My doctor won't let me write. My friends gave me a box of pastels ! " One can draw one's own conclusions. What a mercy it is that they did not give him a set of knitting needles or a housewife. Cocteau knitting socks or darning them would have been less entertaining, although still in the picture.

With his pastels, working on coloured boards, he has given us a series of hallucinating heads. Hallucinating and, also, hairless. I would like to hear Liza of Lambeth read this aloud ! Larger than life, their eyes outstare one uncomfortably. The colours are fascinating but one finds the juxtaposition, due to lack of space, of so many interesting studies most distracting. What a fortune an oculist would make if he could invent some kind of lorgnette, with adjustable blinkers, for art critics. Glasses that would isolate a canvas from its encroaching neighbours.

DOZENS of Harlequins caper on the walls. They dance and run ; sit and stand ; squat on their haunches or straddle across the page. They are without outline and a little ghostly, done in crosses as a Young Victorian Person might sew a sampler, or like those freak drawings made with the letters of a typewriter. Cocteau must have drawn them with his tongue in his cheek, looking at himself in a mirror. Self-silhouettes !



Desmond O'Neill

AMBASSADOR OF FRANCE

H. E. M. JEAN CHAUVEL, who has succeeded M. Rene Massigli as French Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, is seen with members of his family in the reception room of the French Embassy in Kensington Palace Gardens. With him are Mme. Chauvel, their youngest daughter Beatrice, and their grandchildren, Patrick and Marie-Christine

Somewhat apart—a little space has been made for her—Marlene Dietrich, enigmatic and yet *fleur bleue*, smiles to herself and, at the same time, seems to be laughing at us. A luminous impression, in tender blues and greys and a misty breath of primrose, of the screen's still most glamorous lady.

I found it curious that Cocteau, whose work is so greatly influenced by Picasso, should endow some of his studies with hands. Real hands. Hands such as old-fashioned bodies like myself imagine hands to be, drawn in firm shapeliness and taking count of invisible sinew and nerve. It must have been to remind us that, although this is his first exhibition of painting, Jean Cocteau knows how to draw.

From the Pont des Arts I went farther inland, on the Left Bank, towards Montparnasse. At the Galerie St.-Placide I found an interesting exhibition of M.-T. (Marie-Thérèse) Krafft's most recent paintings; landscapes, seaviews and one striking portrait.

M.-T. (Marité to her friends) is in her early twenties and one may, I think, speak of the "youthful authority" of her brush. Her colours are bold and she elects to paint where she can indulge them recklessly, with the happiest results.

It was a windy, cold, wet day outside, but in the gallery I was warmed by the brilliant colourings of fishing boats moored in the deep blue waters of the main harbour at the island of Noirmoutier. From her voyage to Greece and her sojourn on the shores of the Ægean Sea, M.-T. Krafft has brought even more glorious blues though, possibly, it is the contrast with the more neutral landscape that gives this impression.

In a subdued mood she has also given us several studies of the view she enjoys, from her studio, of the Place de la Concorde. The river dark and swollen in the foreground against the grey of the Place, and the gloomy sky. . . . Gauntly dramatic under the snow, and gold-splashed with autumn tints earlier in the year. M.-T. Krafft is a talented young artist.

Snobisme d'ennui

● A snob is someone who, when in the company of other people, admires something that bores him when he is alone.

At the Theatre

Hornett's nest

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations by Emmwood

IT looks in the beginning of *Sailor Beware!*, at the Garrick, as if we were in for routine kitchen comedy turning on twittering eve-of-the-wedding misunderstandings between the sailor and the girl he has come ashore to make his own. We brace ourselves to take this familiar stuff as cheerfully as we can, and are soon surprised to find that we are relaxed and genuinely amused; indeed, before the end, rather touched.

WHAT has happened? Two things. Mr. Philip King and Mr. Falkland Cary have re-arranged nearly everything that is old in farcical situations and characters with a happy valiancy which makes the old look as good as new. And Miss Peggy Mount, an experienced repertory actress new to London, has crowned this minor triumph of ingenious re-ordering with a performance of splendid hitting power.

The theme of the piece is the taming of a prospective mother-in-law. Before the taming gets going we are given a divertingly detailed picture of the domestic terror in action, reducing a family suffering from pre-nuptial jitters to the last stages of demoralisation by non-stop nagging.

Emma Hornett is a born boss, convinced that her world is peopled by incompetents deserving to be crushed without mercy. There is only one way to do a thing properly. That is her way. Nobody has time to jump to her way of doing it before she has given him or her the rough edge of her tongue for being about to do it in some other way. And she has the trick of making every word tell. She is the policewoman in the home, for ever moving someone on with threats that she is well able to make good.

The husband escapes as often as he can to the backyard where he keeps ferrets. He understands the ferrets and they understand him. Thus he keeps his self-respect. His spinster sister, who is always tearfully remembering "a great sorrow" that came to her long years ago and probably has something to do with a wedding, dithers helplessly under the ever-lashing tongue.

SHAKEN by her mother's invincible distrust of sailors and about to marry one on the morrow, the pretty daughter is naturally not at her best. There is more of genteel refinement than of wholehearted rapture in her manner of welcoming the bridegroom, but he has hardly time to notice such things. Soon he and the cautious Scottish shipmate he has brought with him as best man have all they can do to shield others and themselves from the tellingly savage thrusts of the lady who tells her mildly protesting daughter: "You can't reason with men; you got to train 'em."

Miss Mount and the authors have the audience with them by this time and almost every joke, however ancient its lineage, hits the mark. We have a grandly comic penultimate scene in the discomfiture of a wedding party back from the church, after the bridegroom has failed to appear; and a well-managed and quite touching climax in which the estranged lovers join hands through the confusion, and home truths have an unexpectedly penetrating effect on the dragon.



EDIE HORNETT (Ann Wilton) who rejoices in the sorrows of a twenty-year-old broken romance

Miss Mount sweeps through the performance, dominating it like an angry hurricane, but the rest of the characters are all done remarkably well.

MR. RICHARD COLEMAN, the inarticulate bridegroom, Miss Sheila Shand Gibbs, the naïve and bewildered bride, Mr. Cyril Smith, the downtrodden husband whose values turn out to be far from ignoble, Miss Ann Wilton, the kindly sniffling spinster, Mr. James Copeland, the shy best man, Miss Jean Burgess, the flirtatious bridesmaid, Miss Myrette Morven, the cheerfully tactless neighbour, and Mr. Anthony Marlowe's sensible vicar—these are individually and collectively delightful.



HENRY HORNETT (Cyril Smith), the proverbial worm that turns, Emma Hornett (Peggy Mount), a monumental matriarch whose intentions, though of the best, promote the worst, Carnoustie Bligh, A.B. (James Copeland), his friend, Albert Tufnell, A.B. (Richard Coleman), a much-abused fiancé, and Shirley Hornett (Sheila Shand Gibbs), the bone of contention



Vivienne

FOR EDINBURGH NEXT SUMMER

IRENE WORTH, the talented American actress, who made such a success in *A Day by the Sea*, at the Haymarket, is to appear in *Life in the Sun*, by Thornton Wilder, at the Edinburgh Festival this year. The play, which was specially commissioned for the Festival, is being presented by Tennent Productions in association with the Festival Committee. Among a number of leading parts, she created that of Celia Copplestone in *The Cocktail Party*, at the Edinburgh Festival and in America

London Limelight

A noise on the stairs

"A KIND OF FOLLY," at the Duchess, should be considered presumably as a comedy of manners, but for many of us it fails on both counts ; there is precious little comedy and, at one point, some remarkably bad manners. Mr. Owen Holder has written a stilted tale in the style of 1910 at its worst, a year in which Shaw, for example, was at the top of his form.

It is presented with proper swagger by three top-liners and sound support, and the first act, in which Miss Flora Robson visits her husband and his mistress to threaten a divorce unless the son of the house is left unpampered at Oxford, has a definite promise. The rest of the long evening reminded me suddenly of the Chinese saying " Big noise on staircase ; no man come." To watch these able players indulging in an aphorism-slinging contest for two solid hours was a chastening but quite remarkably dull experience.

THE Theatres Entertainment Tax Committee is putting out a *cri de cœur* for the abolition of a stultifying imposition which is putting large numbers of people out of work and leading to some odd evasions in the name of culture. Whilst most of us would agree that there are strong grounds for making this tax logical and less onerous in its application, I do not feel that the committee improve their case by claiming that the price of seats has risen very little in comparison with other prices.

They say, for example, that a stall costing 10*s.* 6*d.* in 1900 is now only 15*s.* 6*d.* including 2*s.* 4½*d.* duty. This is a poor sort of half-truth, a fact which was borne in upon me whilst watching a play from Row R of the stalls at 15*s.*, and reflecting that I was in reality sitting towards the back of what used to be called the pit, once priced at 3*s.* 6*d.*

As a patron of every gallery in London during my student days, I seem to recall that prices ranged from 9d. at the Old Vic to 1s. 6d. at more luxurious establishments, few which have been subject to 100 per cent. increase in one generation.



Jack Gwillim, Flora Robson and Wilfred Hyde White in *A Kind of Folly*, a comedy of manners in the Edwardian manner, by Owen Holder

ANTONIO, the unchallenged master of the zapateado, is back in London, at the refurbished Palace Theatre (No Smoking now), and for the converted there is precious little to add to this announcement. His feet beat like kettledrums, yet his incomparable ease almost suggested that at times he is skating, and his turns are so rapid that he can accomplish a *volte face* with more speed than an old-fashioned film could in jumping from one frame to the next. He is one of the marvels of the modern world.

With him is a reasonably able company who display the art of Spanish coquetry in all its female, feline and bovine forms. There is also a young man called Paco Ruiz, who is coming along nicely, even under the shadow of such a peacock's tail.

—Youngman Carter



Godfrey Cake

CELIA JOHNSON
AS DISC-JOCKEY

HERE, sharing the pleasure of some new records with her two younger children, Kate, aged eight, and Lucy, seven, is Celia Johnson, perhaps our most expressive actress. The stage sees too little of her nowadays, but she stars in Sir Carol Reed's forthcoming new film, *A Kid for Two Farthings*. She is in private life Mrs. Peter Fleming, wife of the author and traveller, and this picture was taken at her home in Nettlebed, Oxfordshire

The gramophone

FABULOUS MISS SMITH

—Robert Tredinnick

MURIEL SMITH has established herself in the theatre over here as a firm favourite. It is a pity that we do not have the opportunity of hearing her more often on gramophone records.

Whatever she undertakes is presented with immaculate taste and polish, so that one feels all the time one is listening to her that only the best is good enough for Muriel Smith.

It was she who created the leading role in the all-Negro stage production of *Carmen Jones*, and evidence of her right to such fame can be heard in her interpretation of "Dat 's Love" on a recording shared with June Hawkins, who sings "Beat Out Dat Rhythm on a Dream," and who, too, has all the assurance of an artist of quality. (Brunswick 05370.) But it is on Muriel Smith and her innate artistry that I wish to focus.

IN mid-January her record of "Tonight My Love" and "Climb Up the Wall" came on the market (Philips P.B. 355), and there can be no finer example of her exceptional talent than the material that has been set down on these three sides. So much intelligent appreciation is infused into each of her songs that you are compelled to hear them over and over again.

It is not often, these days, that one is left with the impression that any individual recording is too good, but that is my considered opinion of these recordings.

In particular, her treatment of "Climb Up the Wall" is quite fabulous. But then she is as fabulous as she is a sincere musician.

"The Wall" must be scaled many times; the pleasure in store is limitless, for it is the especial pleasure that can only be meted out by this singer.

Television

VICE VERSA



ONE of the magic properties of TV is its looking-glass capacity for turning everything topsy-turvy; especially one's most ingrained likes and dislikes. I find myself taking to my heart the TV presence of personalities and forms which in other media left me cold; or contemplating other cherished illusions exposed by TV in all their nothingness.

Against ice shows I have been prejudiced ever since I was sent in the course of duty to be chilled, blinded and deafened by a pantomime on ice. TV, however, has so often shown in contests and displays how much better skaters are when they stick to skating that to-night's "Ice Show" can be anticipated at least with hope.

Peter Ustinov was not my favourite actor or wit on stage or screen. Now he has proved himself such a life-size TV personality, whether as actor, after-dinner wit or host, that I look forward to his performance on Sunday in his own play, *A Moment of Truth*, more eagerly than I did to its original stage production, when he played a smaller part.

Elton Hayes singing to his small guitar, and Amaryllis Fleming mastering her large 'cello, are musicians who also appear to advantage on TV, and therefore as attractions in to-morrow evening's "Music Fountains" from Birmingham.

ERIC BARKER commands my loyal respect as the first comedian who made me laugh at TV, but the opening of his new series, "Look At It This Way," in which he took "sport for example," made me wish he 'd keep his eye on the ball. I hope to-night he may achieve more concentration on Industry.

A programme called "We, the French," spoken mostly in English by an Irishman, sounds TV topsy-turvydom indeed. But let French politics and language problems deter none from viewing Monday's concluding instalment on "France Overseas."

Like most programmes devised by Mrs. Wyndham Goldie—"Press Conference," "Viewfinder," "Men Seeking God"—it is stimulating far above most TV, and Patrick O'Donovan has a nice "Junior F.O." way with him—or, perhaps, Junior Aidan Crawley, whose gain by I.T.A. will be the B.B.C.'s loss.

— Freda Bruce Lockhart

At the Pictures

Sergeant Quixote

THE war and the popular Press have educated us in the love life of the American other rank stationed overseas. His gallantry, not heedless of the facts of life, and his occasional extravagant chivalry no longer astonish us.

Notwithstanding, I found *A Prize of Gold* hard to swallow. This is chivalry gone mad. For the sake of a German damsel in financial distress, Sergeant Richard Widmark coldbloodedly organises the violent robbery of an air cargo of gold bullion. This is Sir Galahad a little too up to date. It is, of course, a British picture, and we do have some strange views on our allies. Or maybe it is sour grapes because our girls never get this treatment from G.I.s?

The film is a corny mixture of sentimentality and melodrama. The plot is implausible but sometimes exciting. It is redeemed somewhat by competent, if stereotyped acting, direction and photography.



Mai Zetterling and Richard Widmark are tempted to annex some recovered Nazi treasure for a good cause in *A Prize of Gold*

INCIDENTALLY, although Sgt. Widmark's irregular conduct leads consequentially to the death of two men and wounding of a third, I detected no suggestion of condemnation. He emerges the morally unscathed hero at the end. I hope parents, reassured by the A Certificate, will not take their delinquent children to see it.

The scene is again, yes again, post-war Berlin. Schoolteacher Mai Zetterling is trying to arrange the emigration of her orphaned charges to Brazil. She has a rich man lined up to pay the bill. Now screen rich men are usually horrible to girls and Eric Pohlmann does not let us down. Enter Widmark. Exit Pohlmann, with moneybags. Meanwhile, true love has tamed the wolf in Widmark. But it will not pay the kiddies' air-fare.

Experienced picturegoers will recognise that charitable funds are no answer. Only gold or diamonds will do.

LUCKILY, some bullion is being flown from Berlin to London. This is the cue for Donald Wolfit and Nigel Patrick to enter and with Widmark and George Cole to concoct a plot which, one senses from the start, must end in disaster. Their performances—Wolfit as a respectable suburban crook and Patrick as a disreputable ex-R.A.F. pilot—are nicely matched.

The bullion 'plane is captured in mid-air and from then on it is a rough-house to the film's sticky end.

BUT if you want a really excellent roughhouse, and a well-made film, I recommend the Japanese film *Seven Samurai*. The slaughter is so savage and prolonged that it has an X Certificate.

You need not be a connoisseur of exotic films to appreciate this one. It is easy. Except for the Japanese faces and the oddity of the humour, customs and environment, its robust story would do for any Western and is an improvement on most. The only fault is that two hours and thirty-five minutes is too long.

The period is sixteenth-century Japan, when civil order had broken down and villages were the prey of bandit gangs. One village decides to make a stand and engages seven Samurai for the task. The Samurai were professional soldiers, with a code rather like our mediæval knights'. The timorous villagers are scared of the proud Samurai at first; the women are locked up and the village beauty has her hair shorn.

MUCH charming and humorous incident is generated and there is some outstanding acting and direction to go with it. Characters of villagers and Samurai are firmly drawn and real. One Samurai is a sort of Japanese Danny Kaye. The humour is sometimes rather elaborate. But this fits the century, one feels, and there is great art in the way the story brings out the proximity of tragedy and comedy in every human situation.

Once battle is joined it is a bloodthirsty slogging match with sword and spear, of a ruthless realism seldom seen in our films. Great pains are taken to make every phase of the military tactics clear and credible. This is an advance on our films of similar kind. But the thought crosses the mind that these Japanese have military tastes.

We have come to rely on the director, Akira Kurosawa (*Rashomon* and *Gates of Hell*), to extract the maximum from his subject in composition, photography, movement and—when needed—thrilling pace. He does not disappoint.

ROUGH, too, is *Vera Cruz*. From the moment Gary Cooper pots another horseman a hundred yards distant with his pistol, you know what you are in for. The crackle of small-arms fire is seldom absent from this slick Western, uneasily set in the Mexico of Emperor Maximilian.

Cooper and Burt Lancaster are two American adventurers whose impromptu marksmanship at an Imperial reception so impresses the Emperor that he engages them on the spot. They are attached to a picturesque cavalry squadron which is conducting a seductive Countess (Denise Darcel) through rebel-infested territory. It turns out that there is more to this expedition than just a commuting Countess. The Emperor's gold is being transported secretly to hire European soldiery to put down the rebels.

Like good Americans, Lancaster and Cooper make other plans for the gold. So does Mlle. Darcel. The resultant skulduggery is confusing, but never dull.

—Dennis W. Clarke



"SEVEN SAMURAI," the latest Japanese film to be seen over here, is a story of Japan in the sixteenth century, a time when law and order in the countryside were unknown. (Above and below) Kikuchiyoas, one of the stars, as a professional Samurai warrior





Lenare

Miss Anne Doughty-Tichborne *is the eldest daughter of Sir Anthony Doughty-Tichborne, Bt., and Lady Doughty-Tichborne, of Tichborne Park, Alresford, Hampshire. Her parents are planning a party for her at their country home*



Baron

The Hon. Susan Scott-Ellis *is the second of Lord and Lady Howard de Walden's four daughters and was seventeen last October. Her father is the ninth Baron and succeeded to the title in 1946*

ON THE EVE OF THEIR

A GROUP OF THIS YEAR'S PRINCIPAL DEBUTANTES



Miss Penelope Knowles *(left), daughter of Mrs. John Knowles, of Chapel Street, S.W., is sharing a dance in June with Miss Susan Clifford-Turner. She is studying at the Sorbonne*



Miss Joanna Aykroyd *(right) is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Aykroyd, and grand-daughter of Lady Aykroyd, of Birstwith Hall, near Harrogate, and Mrs. Oldfield, of Moor House, Harewood*



Baron

Miss Mardie Madden is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Madden and a niece of Captain C. D. Madden, M.V.O., D.S.C., R.N. She is studying stage decor at the Central School of Arts and Crafts



Harlip

Miss Anna Massey is the daughter of Mr. Raymond Massey, the actor, and Mrs. Dwight Whitney (Adrianne Allen, the actress). Her mother is to give a dance for her in the summer, which will take place at The Grove, Highgate

SENTATION TO THE QUEEN

On these two pages are some of the debutantes who will be attending the presentation ceremonies at Buckingham Palace to-day and to-morrow, and having dances given for them during the summer, as described on pages 380-1



Yevonde

Miss Rohais Anderson (left) is the only daughter of Mr. Alistair and Lady Flavia Anderson, of Charlotte Square, Edinburgh, and a niece of the Earl of Halsbury. She has been in Paris for a year studying dress-making

Miss Susan Clifford-Turner (right) is having a combined dance with Miss Penelope Knowles at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Clifford-Turner, The Cottage, Hobart Place, S.W.1



Lenare

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By . . .

KREISLER—can one ever forget that erect soldierly figure standing at attention on the platform, composed and dignified, awaiting his entry into a concerto?—observed on his recent 80th birthday that nowadays everything is played too fast. This, we discover, is because the orchestra boys usually have a date and want to get everything over. The date is not, as you too hastily assume, with some musical totsy. It is—for however homely a musician's pan, there is always one woman in the world who cares—with their Mums.

It 's an old orchestral tradition going back to Haydn, whose " Farewell " Symphony allows the boys (as you remember) to sneak out one after the other. Nowadays they hustle and keep their dates *en masse*. We gather this from encountering a whole gaggle of them the other night in a bar near a wellknown concert-hall. They had just cleaned up a Bach-Beethoven programme in record time and had popped in, on the way to the old rose-covered cottage, for a quick one. A reckless young oboe boasting that he had a date next evening with " a real girl " was earning some stiff reprimands, but a rather raffish trombone took his part, uttering cries of " Westward ho ! ", " Roving will out ! ", " One is only young once ! ", " Cut those apron-strings ! ", and so forth.

Footnote

THE last word was with a benign old bass-viol, who put it so eloquently that we copied down his observations on the spot.

" *Notwithstanding Archie's untruthful boasts, there is no harm in the lad. Somewhere under the lamplight a silver head is bowed with anxiety lest her boy be led astray by trombones, timpani, and such riffraff. How swiftly will tears be turned to joy when Archie bounds in with the cry 'An oboe's best friend is his Mums!' See Grove.*"

The reference is to Grove's Dictionary of Music (1954 edition), under " Woodwind," where this question is discussed at length.

Shirt

RICH women and cricket-fans keep pestering us, to our mild surprise, for the story of Trumper's historic shirt, casually alluded to the other week in this page. We thought every lover of the grand old game knew it backwards. However, here are the relevant facts, from MCC records and Wisden:

While bowling for Australia against the Gentlemen of England in 1895, Trumper had the tails of his shirt set on fire by the Gentlemen, unsuccessfully, three times. It turned out to be a magic shirt, the gift of a well-known Australian fairy called Digger Jake McCoy. Apart from being fireproof, waterproof, and mothproof, it enabled Trumper to make himself invisible at will; a great advantage in the Tests, in fact a *very* great advantage. It will be recalled that Digger Jake McCoy, a tough and " edgy " character even as Australian fairies go, created enormous havoc in Kensington Gardens a few years later by going berserk daily at the first glimpse of Little Mother. Another of the Digger's *bêtes noires* seems to have been what he described to an old wee boglewifie living down a leery-hole in the Broad Walk as " that little Scotch so-and-so in the —— bowler hat." Altogether a difficult type, but devoted to (Australian) Cricket.

Jape

BIG Business boys often break their hearts because nobody tells them anything, and it may be that this merciless joke was played on a company-director who recently told a judge that he didn't know what dividends his company was about to distribute, though the auditors had signed the balance-sheet.

Even Chairmen, we gather, sometimes suffer in this way. There is a fine dirge on this theme, well known in the City and sung to the Mixo-Lydian mode:

I.

" Sales–fatigue–index " and " Consumer–resistance–deadline–erosion "—what the devil are they?
Why does nobody ever tell me *anything*?
Am I Chairman of Amalgamated Widgets or am I not?

II.

I used to love being Chairman of this Company.
Sitting on my throne, lighting real Havanas, lunching 12.30–4, firing personnel right and left, being rude to everybody,
And Oh! the conferences! Oh, Mamma! The *conferences*!
Simply gorgeous! Best in the City!
Fifteen directors in conference all day long, balancing and carrying over and planning and merging and whatever else they do,
And there was I at the top, happy as a blinking emperor,
Till it dawned on me that they *never tell me anything*.
Not a thing! . . .



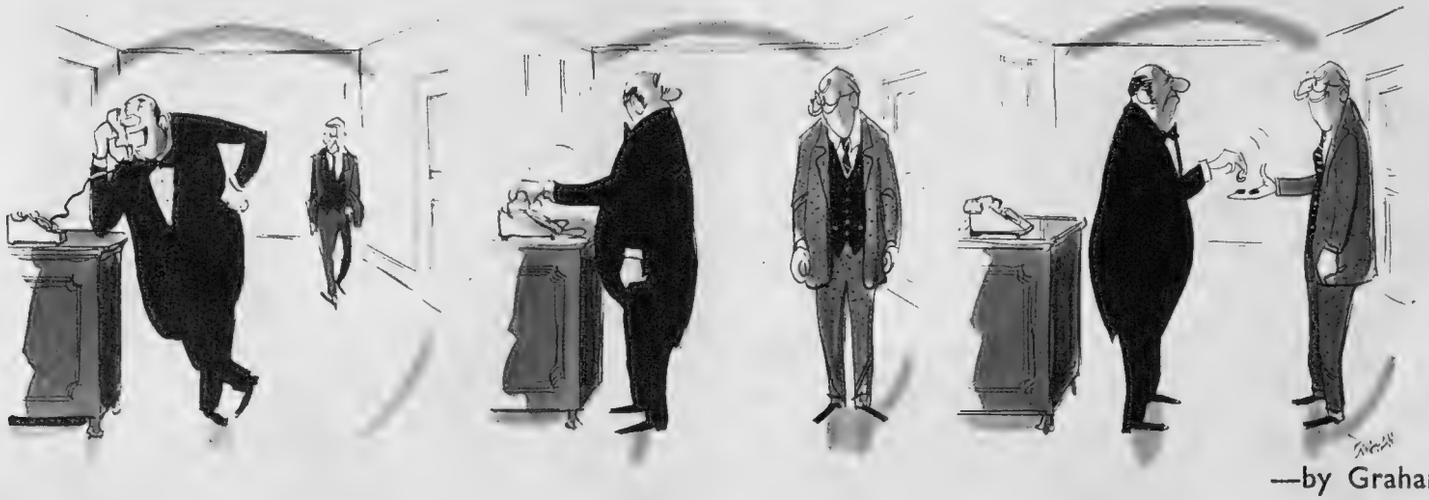
The dirge goes on to complain of the Secretary, who when asked any question begins talking very fast, waving his hands and using words the Chairman doesn't understand, such as " recessive interims " and " re-entrant production-quotas." It ends in pure collapse. The idea is to send the Chairman into the loony-bin, and it seems to us typical of the cruel treachery of Mammon.

Riposte

A SMART slap in the kisser (as dear Henry James would say) was what Hamlet got from Ophelia in a recent Cambridge production after his insulting speech beginning " Get thee to a nunnery." Why the Moody Dane did not immediately retaliate by socking the girl on the jaw, as gentlemen do nowadays, is quite a story, our Cambridge spies report.

Apparently the scientists with whom that University is crawling are so paralysed by slaps from women (a frequent occurrence) that the sight of normal retaliation sets up in them the kind of anxiety-hysteria known in Dreamland as " expectant dread "; dread, in this case, of reprisals, traps, ambushes, sudden jabs, swoops, whoops in the night, and whatnot. Since this affects their laboratory-work and retards the onward march of Progress and the H-bomb, the producer (above) wisely restrained Hamlet, despite the provocation. In the case of Auntie Science's boys women are, one gathers, invariably the aggressors (" I always hit Professor Litmus because he smells of nitrotoluene " is a frequent cry from ruby lips). This in itself may set up expectant dread, as in the case of vegetarians who eat a bit of beef by mistake and are pursued through life thenceforth by the big mournful eyes of a cow. How frightful, or, as some think, amusing.

BRIGGS



—by Graham

GAY CELEBRATION FOR COMING-OF-AGE

MISS DIANA KENNERLEY had a most amusing cocktail party given for her by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Morley Kennerley, at the charming Kensington home of Mr. and Mrs. Lanning Roper. Right: Mr. and Mrs. Morley Kennerley drank a birthday toast to their daughter before the guests arrived





Left: Miss Mary Drage, the ballet dancer, and Mr. John Hughes Hallett were two more guests at Park House, in Onslow Square



Right: Mr. John Harper, Mrs. Hancock and Mr. J. L. W. Hancock were among those at the party held in the charming studio of the house



Left: Mr. Brinsley Black and Miss Jennifer Clark were having a discussion. There were over 100 guests at the party



Right: Miss Gillian Taylor and Mr. Simon Kimmins, son of Capt. Anthony Kimmins, R.N. (retd.), who are to be married next month

Gabor Denes

A RADIO BROADCAST BY THE BALLYMACAD

THE Ballymacad hunt ball at Loughcrew Castle, Co. Meath, made history by going "on the air" over the Irish radio. Right: Mrs. A. Wingfield, Mrs. Bryan Fowler and Brig. Anthony Wingfield





Left: Mr. Hugh Montgomery from Northern Ireland, who hunts with the East Down and Co. Down Staghounds, with Miss Deirdre Wingfield

Right: Mrs. Tony Burke, who, with her husband, is joint-Master of the Ballymacad, at the microphone with Sir Hugh Nugent, Bt., from Ballinlough Castle



Fennell

At The Races

EARLY BIRDS ON ALERT

THESE early-on quotations on the Spring Handicaps are always intriguing, but are a bit apt to be deceptive, for since the fabulous days of "The Plungers"—"The Mad Marquess," and so forth—the ante-post money has dwindled quite considerably. This year, however, if we are amongst those confiding souls who take everything we read in the papers for gospel, there would seem to be a most startling revival, for they talk about £20,000 where the Grand National is concerned, and £10,000 where the Gold Cup is. Both these events, be it marked, are rather gruelling steeplechases, and, consequently, full of more perils than any flat race, especially one of them.

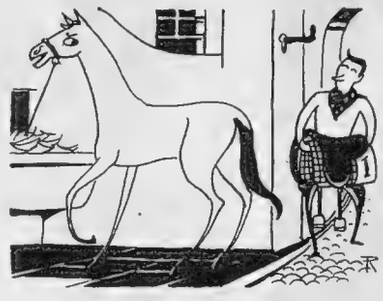
However, you never will eliminate the long-range marksman, and if it amuses him, and also obliquely us, why should we want to liquidate him? Let us, on the contrary, wish him luck and hope that he will score at least a boundary, even if he does not hit one for six.

As a rule, however, most of these ante-post quotations are no more than opinion, which, as we know, is not evidence.

I have no doubt that we might find a bookmaker ready to lay us 10 to 1 the field on the National and 100 to 6 on the Lincoln, which latter, if we would but realise it, is as great a game of chance as the big steeplechase. It has been often, and very truly, said that anyone who has a bet on the Lincoln before the draw is known is on the wrong side of the walls of a lunatic asylum. This is probable.

THE legendary Captain Octavius Machell said that no one ought to bet at all unless he had 21 lb. in hand. Has anyone, excepting the redoubtable Machell, ever known this? I doubt it very greatly! All these "things" that are "already past the post"; "home and dried," and so forth, usually turn out to be the imaginings of someone's brain.

As to recent things, it is encouraging to see the Queen Mother's M'as-Tu-Vu shortening, and, as to another recent event, I think Goosander was lucky to win at Haydock. He only got home by a head from Gigolo, who got in much too close to the last fence, and I think must have won if he had not done so.



In a recent note with reference to the great distances covered by horses jumping at high speed, I noticed the figure of 39 ft. given me by the renowned Yellow Earl was transformed by the Printer's Devil to 49 ft.! Fond as Lord Lonsdale was of an elaborate leg-haul, he never went so far as all that! The horse that jumped that 39 ft. also (so he said) hopped over a 6-ft. stone wall on the Forest side of the Quorn country. This is much easier to swallow, though, personally, I have never seen a wall of that height on the Donington side. They are mostly small, but rather deadly in other respects, because the stone is full of tetanus germs, and Lord Lonsdale therefore made his hunt servants carry some anti-tetanic and the necessary little squirt to administer it.

INCIDENTALLY, the Forest side was, in most people's opinion, the dullest bit of that otherwise very happy hunting-ground, and usually the hard puncher gave it a miss and went to either the Cottesmore or the Belvoir. Wild's Lodge was a good choice with the former and Clawson with the Belvoir.

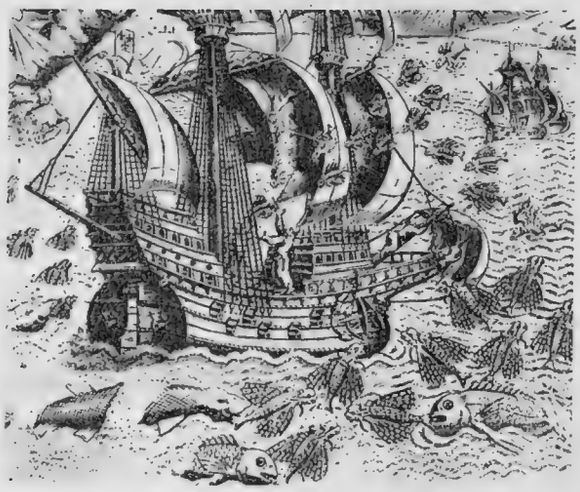
Talking of Saturday countries, I do not suppose that many people would say "no" to that little bit of the Bicester country up in their north-end, which is sandwiched between the Pytchley and the Warwickshire; all grass, no fence too big for any horse with guts, and lashings of galloping foxes — the only ones really worth worrying about. It is much better than some bits of the Pytchley with those uncompromising bottoms mostly quite unjumpable. If none of this is what your fancy paints, have a go almost anywhere in Meath or Kildare!

—SABRETACHE



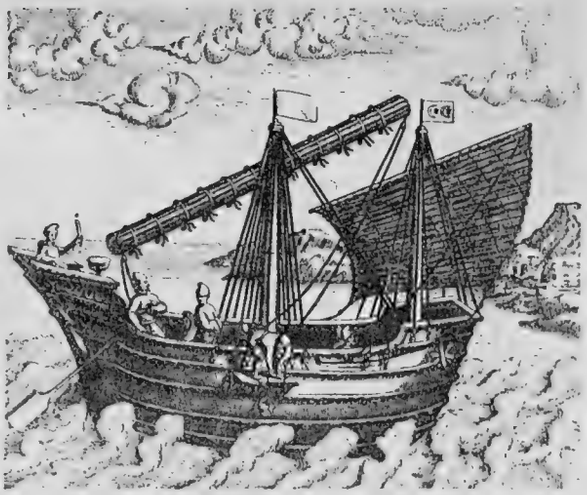
CRY OF HOUNDS WAS HEARD AGAIN AT WOBURN ABBEY

AN old custom was revived after a lapse of generations when the Oakley, which was founded in 1800 by the fifth Duke of Bedford, met at Woburn Abbey. The Hertfordshire, whose country adjoins the pack on the south, also took part in the meet and the subsequent good day's sport. The Duke and Duchess of Bedford are seen having a stirrup-cup with the huntsman of the Oakley, Mr. S. T. Hardiman



SUCCESSOR TO COLUMBUS

SO NOBLE A CAPTAIN, by Charles McKew Parr (Robert Hale ; 21s.), is the fascinating story of the Portuguese explorer Magellan. His extraordinary voyage of exploration was to accomplish at last that which Columbus had planned but failed to achieve. This is a fascinating portrait, done on an immense canvas



Book Reviews by Elizabeth Bowen

THE PROBLEM MOTHER

MANY novels take as their theme the unwanted child—the unhappy junior whose very existence, for one or another reason, creates a problem. Monica Dickens deals, in THE WINDS OF HEAVEN (Michael Joseph; 12*s.* 6*d.*), with a figure no less well known in present-day life, though not so often explored by fiction : that is to say, the unwanted mother.

Circumstances, rather than temperament, account for our heroine's being in this position, which could not be more distasteful to her. For Louise Bickford, sturdy in spirit, is by nature as independent as they come. Here she is, widowed at fifty-seven, left with an income too small to live on. She must be a charge on her grown-up daughters.

"Unwanted" is perhaps too harsh a term : it is, more, that Louise is *de trop*, and knows it. None of her three children is inhuman ; with sincere affection each offers her a home, and Louise proceeds from one to another. But Miriam, the eldest, is too well-organised to require help, and Anne, the youngest, too disorganised to know how to use it. While Eva, the attractive middle one, is at grips with a complex love-affair in a tiny flat. There is nothing for "Mother" to put her hand to. Tact, self-effacement and unrewarding idleness seem to be her doom. . . .

FROM such a résumé one might infer that *The Winds of Heaven* is a tragic novel, or, at any rate, a sombre one. It is, I am happy to say, neither. Miss Dickens has chosen a situation perfectly suited to her art—her sense of comedy, her affection for people and her almost uncanny knowledge of their small ways.

Here, in fact, is humour at its most kindly—albeit with, from time to time, a sardonic edge. Though, throughout, we see through Louise's eyes, the scales are not unfairly weighted against her daughters. At the worst, one is smug, one is listless, one is preoccupied. Miss Dickens has, in common with her great-grandfather, a sympathetic preference for the under-dog : Louise herself, dear, odd, fat Mr. Disher (picked up in a tea-shop) and Ellen, the plain little granddaughter, are the favourites. The successful Miriam, Arthur, her Q.C. husband, and their home (terribly named Pleasantways) come in for a good deal of sidelong mockery—and, oh, how diverting are those chapters!

Sluttish Anne, chain-smoking and grumbling in dead-flat Bedfordshire while honest Frank, the smallholder, toils away, could be an unedifying picture—but for the tolerance of Miss Dickens's touch. Desperate Eva, the young highbrow actress, holding her head high, is under the skin most nearly her mother's daughter.

DUMPY, late-middle-aged little Mrs. Bickford is more than the central character of *The Winds of Heaven* ; she qualifies as a heroine in the true sense. In her escapades (for these do occur) we see an indomitable youthfulness. She surmounts circumstances ; she has a way of taking the law into her own hands. Life continues to be an adventure for Louise—and not least during those winter months spent in the ramshackle Isle of Wight hotel.

Driffield Court, with its guests and its personnel, gives Miss Dickens's friendly pen full play—how well she sees the extraordinary in the ordinary, and how familiar she is with *all* kinds of people. Never once does she give us a "stock" character. Best of all, every one of her men and women *matter*—to themselves, to each other and to us. Not a page of *The Winds of Heaven* is not enjoyable : here's a fine blend of comedy with sheer good sense.

★ ★ ★

A GRAND MAN, by Catherine Cookson (Macdonald ; 8*s.* 6*d.*), is a just-not-sentimental tale—heroine, a small and mendacious girl called Mary Ann, one of the Tyneside Irish. The Shaughnessy's tenement home is, alas, none the happier for the father—Michael, who never seems to make good, and drinks. He, however, remains Mary Ann's "grand man": tender and frantic, by turns, is her eight-year-old loyalty.

Grannie, the dragon of the piece, is bent on breaking the Shaughnessy marriage up—as Mary Ann, hearing too much through too-thin walls, cannot but know. Her ally, Father Owen, the Catholic priest, is left breathless by the small girl's campaign . . . . This is not the first of Miss Cookson's Tyneside novels : it may well prove the most popular up to date.



RACING REFLECTIONS (Hutchinson ; 18s.) are a selection of John Hislop's interesting articles in *The Observer*. They cover every aspect of racing and the book is decorated with six excellent drawings by that brilliant interpreter of animals, John Skeaping, A.R.A.



Eric Coop

MONICA DICKENS AND DAUGHTER

MONICA DICKENS, seen here with her two-and-a-half-year-old daughter Pamela, has her new novel reviewed opposite. Like her great-grandfather, Charles Dickens, she writes with deep understanding of the contemporary social scene, as in her celebrated *One Pair of Hands, One Pair of Feet, The Fancy* and *Thursday Afternoons*, all founded on personal experience. She is married to Cdr. Roy Stratton, U.S. Navy, and divides her time between her American home at Cape Cod, Mass., and this country

Book of the Month

Elizabeth Bowen's "A World of Love"

To those Celts amongst us I can say at once, without fear of being misunderstood, that if I told what A WORLD OF LOVE (Jonathan Cape; 10*s*. 6*d*.) was about it would not be true, and a waste of time anyway, since any sensible person will be reading it in no time for himself. But for the rest of us, I should report that the story concerns ladies and love, and a packet of love-letters written by a young man who was killed in the First World War.

The scene is set in a decaying mansion in the South of Ireland on a day of unusual heat. Twenty-year-old Jane, her Irish father, her English mother, her young sister Maud, and her kinswoman and benefactress Antonia, are staying together in one of those relationships which are only possible in a land where blood is still recognised as the most inescapable of all ties.

At the moment when that relationship appears to have reached its final and ultimate stalemate, Jane finds and reads the letters and there returns to the house the ghost of the young man who wrote them. He comes to torment, in the one case, and to free in the other, the two elder women who had loved him, but in Jane the eternal story of the sleeping beauty is repeated and, as the book ends, her awakening begins.

Miss Bowen writes with her native music, and the mouldering house, the ghost and the girl seem to swim in sunny air, so that the reader is loath to leave them on any page. The enchantment is almost sensuous, a very unusual attribute in a novel of this intellectual quality.

We expect brilliant observation and complete conviction from this writer, and we get it here in the portraits of Antonia and Maud. The elder is that Irish gentlewoman who is as carefully bred as a Derby winner, as un-nice as a bear, as wretched as a poet, as bossy as a Socialist Government, as arrogant as the angel who made all the trouble, and as sound at heart as a spice apple. Versions of her have appeared in fiction before, but never, I think, has she been painted with such three-dimensional honesty.

MAUD, on the other hand, is a natural for St. Trinian's; an appalling child, utterly uncompromising, both in her smugness, her wilder fancies and, which is most convincing, in her ruthless conventionality. However thankful one may feel that one has not met her, one finds oneself crossing fingers lest one should.

This book is, not surprisingly, the Book Society's choice for March, and its popularity should be enormous.

— Margery Allingham



ITALY BRINGS 1920 UP TO DATE



All that it lacks is a long cigarette holder! The sleeveless pullover and skirt worn together as a late day dress

REMINISCENT of the '20's is this elegant woollen three-piece from Italy, made by the Marchesa Olga de Gresy and imported by Debenham & Freebody. It consists of a permanently pleated grey knitted skirt, with matching pullover edged with yellow and white, and a black-and-white blouse underneath. Photographs show the changes that can be rung upon this set which, complete, costs 20 gns. The hat, from the Model Millinery Dept., is 14 gns.

A CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

by Mariel Deans



Here are the blouse and skirt alone. Notice the slight fullness of the three-quarter sleeves just above the cuffs

Michael Dunne



A Fath dress in black and grey tweed, distinguished by measured fullness in the skirt with darts on either side and white trimmings at neck and cuffs



PARIS 1955

MARIEL DEANS says that fashion this season in Paris is the prettiest thing imaginable. Dior's famous H-line has now become the A-line and clothes generally are soft and easy fitting



From Geneviève Fath's first collection comes this simple, elegant, bright yellow wool coat worn with a huge black hat and accessories



Givenchy was showing this rosebud pink jersey suit with a wide high-cut neck and an attractive draped hip-line, worn with a pink wool coat

PASTEL-COLOURED and flower-bestrewn is the impression given. One sees constraint nowhere, except, possibly, of bosoms *chez* Dior. These have now risen to the height of the armpit and, in the evening-dress models, are as frankly visible and pushed-up as those of Boucher's beauties.

The A-line works out as an inverted pyramid of narrow shoulders and set-in sleeves that widens down to the fullest of full skirts. As for belts, those bars across the A appear at every possible height from armpits to below the hips, whilst the true waist is always indicated with cutting and seaming—or even, perhaps, by another belt.

BALENCIAGA's lovely restrained collection of magnificently made, practically undating models, continues at his own slow rate of evolution. Very long, straight tunics with low-placed patch pockets and narrow underskirts are typical of his collection this season, which also includes some glorious pastel-coloured house-gowns and several versions of his own particular style of evening dress,



This two-piece sweater-line suit by Maggy Rouff is in a very lightweight sand colour tweed with a knife-pleated skirt

reminiscent of Velasquez's Infantas with their very long bodices and enormously wide, side-spreading skirts.

If this sounds as if Balenciaga is softening and becoming "pretty" a glance at his hats should set all doubts at rest. All of these, from the shapes like solid black straw millstones to the tiny glacé leather saucers that sport a sort of floral feather-duster, will reassure his admirers that this is, indeed, the collection of the Picasso of *couturiers* and definitely an acquired taste.

GENEVIÈVE FATH, who is carrying on the business of her late husband, showed a collection of great distinction and unmistakably "Jacques Fath." Two lines are shown—a straight, almost tubular one for the daytime, featuring in a hundred different ways the jumper-suit (strong favourite in every collection this season) and worn with a loose-fitting straight top coat; and a line called "l'Ampleur Suspendue" for cocktails onwards.

[*Continued overleaf*



From Fath comes this orange day dress with its big tie and turnover collar, worn with a light grey flecked tweed coat. The hat is also orange



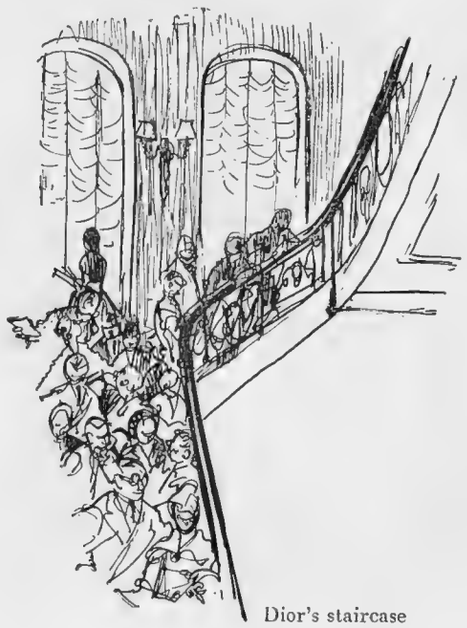
Jean Patou's charming frock in parma violet wool is cut in front like a suit. The overcoat of parma violet wool has a pale silk lining



A two-piece dress from Christian Dior in navy wool crêpe, sleeveless and low belted with a fringed sash, worn with a loose three-quarter-length coat of the same material



Also from Christian Dior, the new high-waisted line in a short-sleeved afternoon dress in black wool crêpe buttoned up the front of the neckline and tying across the front



Dior's staircase

Continuing—

Modulation from "H" to "A"

This is again a straight body-line but one that widens into great fullness from the base of the hips. The Fath collection started with a few beach-clothes amongst which was a turquoise and white striped jersey bathing dress with a high neck and short sleeves that was pure 1910 yet completely delightful.

MADELEINE DE RAUCH also showed five or six examples of the prettiest of beachwear before her beautifully made and beautifully coloured collection. This was presented to three roomsful of clients, mostly French, who were there obviously to buy. Here is a collection that, whilst not, journalistically speaking "hot news" is both lovely and wearable.



"Rose de Paris" by Pierre Balmain. A slender evening dress in white satin embroidered with a stylized red rose. The cloak is made of white satin lined with red



Pierre Balmain's "Gavotte." A short evening dress in blue silk organdie with an in-set panel of gathered tulle edged with an elaborate design of brilliants and roses

ı the Faubourg



At Balmain's

PIERRE BALMAIN'S "Jolie Madame" collection was also a joy to watch. The mannequins at this house seem to us to have developed *chic* to almost unearthly heights. So tall, so beautiful, so blonde, so *clean*, they appear not quite human—and surely no human hands could have worked these pastel-coloured materials so cunningly, have produced that glorious, almost ecclesiastical embroidery?

After that it seems cavilling to say that this season's *Jolie Madame* is very like last season's—but at any rate the *jolie*-ness is beautifully sustained.



From Dior's collection comes this short evening dress in yellow organza. It gives his long closely fitting body line and shows again a pretty tie across the front

CORRECTION

We regret that the address of Women's Home Industries was given in our issue of February 9 as Sloane Street. It should, of course, have read "West Halkin Street."

"... a young girl's fancy"

ATTRACTIVE accessories, in the way of bags, belts, scarves, etc., will brighten up the young girl's ensemble, and put her in step with the gay mood of parties, sunshine and flowers
—JEAN CLELAND



A delightfully fresh idea for the young girl to take for weekend visits is this charming pochette with three bottles of bath essence. Price £2 5s. From Simpsons, Piccadilly



Left: Three smart belts from Simpsons, Piccadilly: Pigskin with studs, 19s. 6d., calf, with horses heads, £3 10s., calf, with Buddha heads, £3 10s.



Right: A charming and unusual evening bag in satin with corners ornamented in diamanté. Price 9 gns. From Marshall & Snelgrove

Spring feeling comes with these charming scarves from Fenwick's. Pink satin with striped border and fringed ends, price 7s. 11d., (other colours also). Pure silk square with striped border, in Shocking Pink, and many other shades. Price 25s. 6d.

New Jersey straw hip belt, 16s. 11d., with Jersey straw hat to match, 59s. 6d. They can be had in most colours from Fenwick's





Dennis Smith

Shopping List

Pocket telephone directory

PARTIES will be the theme song of the débutantes during the weeks to come. In the rush and the bustle, telephone numbers—so important when many things have to be checked up in a hurry—are apt to get mislaid.

To avoid this kind of annoyance, I have found a new and delightfully compact little gadget for keeping everything ready to hand. Called the Pocket "Telindex," this can easily be carried in the handbag, so that wherever you go your telephone numbers go with you.

No panic at having left just the very one you want at home. Open your bag, slide the little indicator down the "Telindex" to the required letter, then up comes the flap, and there you are. All for the modest price of 10s. 6d. From Marshall & Snelgrove.

★ ★ ★

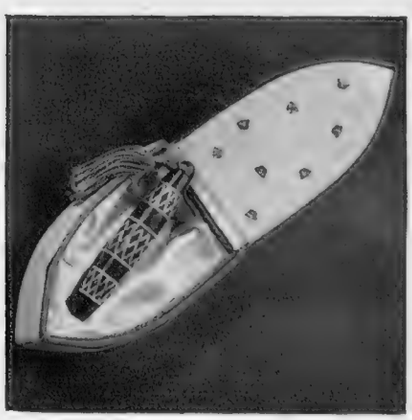
FESTIVITIES, however delightful, can be exhausting, especially if they come thick and fast, one on top of the other. When the rooms grow hot, nothing is more refreshing than a touch of scent. The newest idea for carrying it safely and easily is the "Perfume Pen." This has a ball-bearing action, which prevents the scent from leaking, and it is small enough to tuck into the daintiest evening handbag.

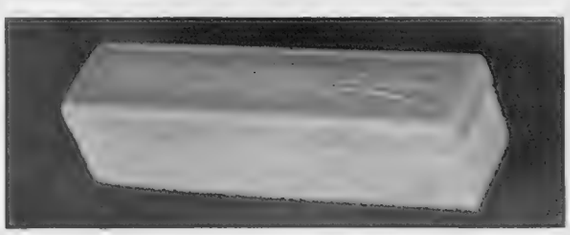
All you have to do is to unscrew the top and tap the little pen lightly on to your skin. As you do this, sufficient scent is released to give the desired fragrance. You can get it from Fenwick's and it costs 21s. 6d.

★ ★ ★

TO keep spick and span when rushing from one engagement to another is not always an easy matter. The best regulated clothes are apt to collect dust on the way, especially in London where the air is full of it.

To help you arrive at whatever appointment may be on hand, looking as if you had stepped out of a band-box, there is the new all-purpose "Sponge Brush." This handy affair—which incidentally is moth-proof and unaffected by oil or grease—cleans speedily and with ease, and absorbs the dust. It can be washed, and is small enough to carry in the handbag. Price 2s. 6d. From Marshall & Snelgrove.





Sponge brush for cleaning dusty clothes. 2s. 6d. from Marshall & Snelgrove

Perfume Pen with ball bearing action, which prevents scent leaking. 21s. 6d., from Fenwick's

One pocket "Telindex." Finds the numbers. Price 10s. 6d. From Marshall & Snelgrove





Beauty *Jean Cleland*

A WAFT OF OZONE

THE complexion of a young girl should be as fresh and radiant as an April morn. Yet, sadly, this is not always so, and much unhappiness is caused by spots and pimples which crop up at the worst possible moments, just when she wants to look her best.

Flowers are not the only things that bloom in the spring. Such skin troubles as acne, open pores and little blackheads are often at their more tiresome at this time of year. Small though they may look to other people, they loom exceeding large to those who have to bear with them. To be told that "they will clear up when you are older, dear," does little to help at the time, and the best dance or party in the world can be ruined by such blemishes.

Time was when there seemed as if little could be done for persistent troubles of this sort. With the advance of science, all that is changed, and there are now a variety of excellent treatments by which the whole problem can be effectively tackled.

CONSCIOUS of how important this is, to young people especially, I have been going into the matter pretty thoroughly, and am pleased to be able to tell you of at least one method which seems to me to be excellent for clearing the skin, and refining its texture. This is called "The Vapozone Deep Cleansing Treatment" which is done by means of a new medium known as Ozone Vapour or atomized steam.

The process is based on experiments which have revealed that the skin has similar functions to those of the lungs in that it breathes normally, inhaling oxygen, and exhaling carbon dioxide. Vapozone assists this process, and is therefore more than a beauty aid; it is a scientific method of introducing oxygen into the opened pores of the skin, to restore it to health and radiance.

If you were to go for a Vapozone treatment, this is what happens. First the skin is thoroughly examined, after which it is cleansed with a Radiant Lotion. When it is completely clean, the client sits in front of the Vapozone machine. Steam is turned on for a few minutes, after which a special solution is poured into a container. This mixes with the steam and supplies the oxygen which dissolves impurities in the pores. It also cleanses and disinfects, and the sensation as it wafts over the face is both soothing and refreshing.

SEVEN minutes later, the vapour is turned off, and at this point the treatment varies according to individual requirements. If blackheads are the trouble, the skin is given an Egyptian oil mask containing many beneficial ingredients, including herbal extracts. Owing to the Vapozone, the skin has become very pliant, and as the massage continues, the little blackheads come away quite easily, with no harmful pressure.

When all impurities have been exuded, the oil is wiped off with tissues, and the face massaged again with a special cleansing cream, and finally given a Toning Mask to close the pores and refine the texture.

ACNE is treated in a different way by means of special biological serums which come from the Continent. These, I am assured, have—in conjunction with Vapozone—proved so successful that many girls, suffering for a long time from this distressing complaint, have been overjoyed and amazed at how quickly it has cleared up.

The serums are applied to the skin, and then activated by infra-red ray, which is used for about twenty minutes. After this the face is allowed to cool down, and then lightly powdered with special powder.

Needless to say that diet plays an important part in the acne treatment. Clients are instructed as to what foods are permissible, and what should be avoided. In addition to this, they are asked to consult their own doctors as to the number of calories necessary for the upkeep of health. Since these vary according to the individual, it is important to get expert advice on the subject.

WHEN this has been established, a calory chart is supplied from which it is possible to see how to arrange the daily diet accordingly. The chart, which is a full one, deals with many types of foods and fluids, and is in itself an extremely valuable and interesting appendage.

The Vapozone treatment is given by Mrs. Gertrude Hartley of Acelia Ltd., at 72 Park Mansions, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.



A charming novelty for the débutante's dressing table: a musical powder bowl, of lacquered metal. Woollands, £5 17s. 6d.



Photograph by John Cole

Miss Fiona Campbell-Walter

She is a beauty even in this city of beautiful women. She is Fashion's magic mirror and every dress she wears is the fairest of them all.
She chooses as her personal hairdresser Martin Douglas & René at 30 Davies Street, W.1

For your diary: the telephone number of Martin Douglas & René is MAYfair 1260/1269.

To the woman who longs to drop years from her age

OVERNIGHT THESE THREE "WONDER" COSMETICS MAY CHANGE YOUR WHOLE BEAUTY LIFE

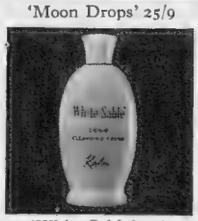
Remarkable new flowing formula acts like a "foundation of youth" for your skin!

New 'MOON DROPS' Moisture Balm.
The moment this greaseless flowing creme touches your face you *feel* its youth-giving moisture flow into your skin magically forming a "foundation of youth". . . your skin feels smoother, fresher . . . looks fairer — years younger.



'Moon Drops' 25/9

New 'WHITE SABLE' Liquid Cleansing Creme.
A silky white balm that floats dirt and make-up to the surface and slides them off as only a liquid can — clearing the way to a beautiful complexion before your very eyes *after just one application.*



'White Sable' 12/9
with Hormones 19/3

New 'WAKING BEAUTY' Ultra-Enriched Night-Treatment.
Here are *three* beauty-giving vitamins—Vitamins A, D and E—perfectly balanced for perfect skin-care . . . and especially good for extra-dry skin. So easy to use. Smooth on at night and wake up to a youthful, more beautiful skin. 'WAKING BEAUTY' works while you sleep.



'Waking Beauty' 27/6
with Hormones 31/6

Revlon's 'WAKING BEAUTY'
'MOON DROPS' and 'WHITE SABLE'
Available at Leading Cosmetic Counters and Beauty Salons

cottons groomed to high fashion



— white scroll design on crisp tones of pink, turquoise, tan, reseda or grey.
89/6 Sizes 10-16

in Avon cottons by WEMCO

THEY WERE MARRIED



Fayer

McNEILL-MOSS—SMITH

Mr. G. M. McNeill-Moss, son of the late Major G. McNeill-Moss, and of the Hon. Mrs. McNeill-Moss, of Nenagh, Co. Tipperary, married Miss Fiona P. Smith, daughter of the late Lt.-Col. H. F. E. Smith, D.S.O., and the Hon. Mrs. Hamilton Black, of Hertford Street, W.1, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge



GARDINER-HILL—STRACHAN

Mr. P. F. Gardiner-Hill, son of Dr. and Mrs. Gardiner-Hill, of Lincoln House, Basil Street, London, S.W.3, married Miss S. M. Strachan, daughter of Mr. J. H. Strachan, and Mrs. A. W. H. Grant, in London



MANDEVILLE—CHRISTIE

Viscount Mandeville, eldest son of the Duke and Duchess of Manchester, and his bride, Miss Adrienne Valerie Christie, daughter of Mr. J. K. Christie, South African Commissioner in East Africa, are seen leaving the Cathedral of the White Highlands, Nairobi, Kenya



MOSS—GIBSON

Mr. Derek Moss, of Luanshya, N. Rhodesia, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Moss, married Miss Vanda Burnett Gibson, only daughter of the late Mr. G. H. Gibson and Mrs. Gibson, of High Wycombe, at All Saints, High Wycombe



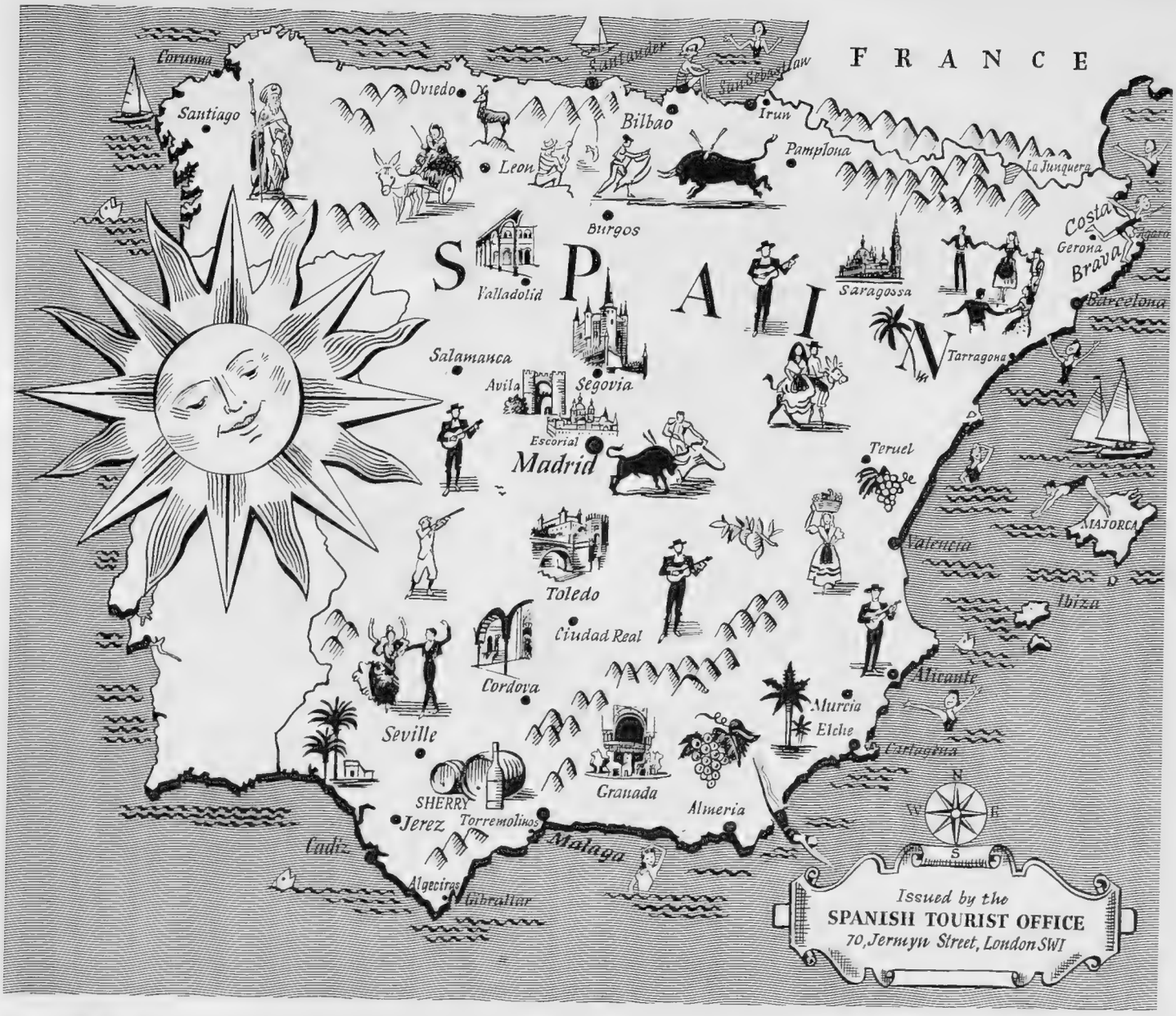
RICHARDS—O'DRISCOLL

Mr. Peter Richards, son of Sir Gordon and Lady Richards, of Clements Meadow, Marlborough, married Miss Rosario O'Driscoll, younger daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. J. O'Driscoll, of St. Jude, Kildare, at Foxrock Parish Church, Co. Dublin



GILBERT—CLIPSHAM

At Holy Trinity, Brompton, Mr. Geoffrey Gilbert, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Gilbert, of Dorking, married Miss Kathleen Clipsham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Clipsham, of Thornhill, Selborne Road, New Malden



So much to do—so much to remember

There's so much to find in Spain—beaches and bullfights, villages and vineyards: old walled towns and crumbling red castles, cathedrals, palaces, and some of the finest picture galleries in the world. Gay fiestas, dancing, processions . . .

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Motoring

A good decision

THAT was an unfortunate misunderstanding about the drivers selected for the official Jaguar entries. It will be recalled that, when the chosen six were named (Hawthorn, Rolt, Hamilton, Stewart, Titterington and Beauman), there were reports that certain popular drivers had been dropped on account of their age. In the circumstances Mr. W. Lyons, who is chairman and managing director of Jaguar Cars, was practically forced to issue his much debated statement.

The centre around which the whole thing revolves seems to me to be Lyons's remark that racing is a "very serious matter" for his company. It might well be added that Jaguar achievements in racing are a very serious matter for the whole country, because they are the mainstay of our motor engineering prestige abroad and a factor in the export trade. The selection of drivers must, therefore, be an objective affair, uninfluenced by personalities —or at least as little influenced by them as possible, for personalities can never be kept entirely out of motor racing.

NOBODY, without full knowledge of the steps that were taken in the process of selecting the six people I have named, should question the choice. I think that the private speed trials were a proper course. Such trials have been used by many great Continental companies for sorting out the most eminent drivers. And Wharton's appointment as competition manager to "another manufacturer" disposed of all comments made about his absence from the Jaguar team. My personal view is that an admirable choice of drivers has been made. They are men in whose hands these large responsibilities can be placed with confidence.

The Jaguar entry for Le Mans appears in the official list which has now been circulated. Those who intend to go to the twenty-four hour event should think about booking immediately. The sea ferry may be readily available, but air ferry bookings are already heavy for this period. If it is decided to leave the car behind, there are many convenient charter flights at anything from about £14 to about £25. And there are club arrangements for travelling on the ordinary B.E.A. and Air France services and spending a night in Paris on the inward journey and another on the return journey. The B.A.R.C. is offering a trip of this kind for a cost of £23 10s. 0d. The dates, by the way, are June 11 and 12.

Besides the Jaguar entries for Le Mans, the firm British entries include a team of Bristols, a team of Aston Martins, a team of Triumph TR2s, a team of M.G.s, two Lagondas and two Frazer-Nashes. Leading the opposition will be the Mercédès-Benz cars and the big Ferraris. There will also be a number of Maseratis.

IN my references to the Geneva show (March 10 to March 20) I omitted reference to the Rover exhibits. This was because I was not certain about some details in the models to be shown. I have now heard from the company and find that there will be no changes other than those announced three or four months ago. The lid of the boot has been altered and the opening widened and the area of the rear window has been increased. These modifications apply to all three models, for the body is the same.

The "75" has a new engine—based on the "90" engine and with a swept volume somewhat bigger than that of the former "75" engine. Bigger front brakes are fitted to the "75" and the "90" and flashing type traffic signals are standardized. The Land-Rovers have the new spacing of the engine cylinders, permitting uniform cooling.



MRS. LORNA SNOW with Mr. Norman Garrard, Sunbeam-Talbot competition manager, and Miss Sheila Van Damm, winner of the Women's Cup in the Monte Carlo Rally, at the party Mrs. Snow gave for Miss Van Damm and her co-drivers

MORE prejudice than reason lay behind the opposition to Lord Brabazon's proposal that the law should be changed to permit sections of the public highway to be closed for racing. This has been a measure which we have wanted for years. No aerodrome circuit or other artificial circuit can ever have the interest and the variety of a genuine road circuit.

Closing a section of road would only be done by a local authority after ascertaining the feelings of the local population. Yet the cries of those who were against Lord Brabazon's suggestion were so strident that one would have thought nobody had ever heard of the Gatwick grab and the ten thousand other grabs going on every day.

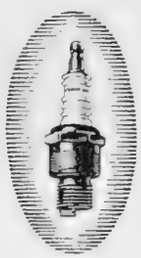
It seems to me to be Pecksniffian to a degree to permit the kind of dispossessions that are enforced upon harmless people who wish for nothing other than to be allowed to stay in their own homes and, at the same time, to raise loud cries of protest when it is suggested that motor races should be held on the road.

UNEXPECTED reactions have been aroused at the time of writing by the Road Traffic Bill's measure to impose vehicle tests. My own views on vehicle testing have been put on many occasions. I do not believe that more than a negligible number of accidents is caused by defective vehicles. I do not believe that the enormous bureaucratic structure required to carry through an official system of testing would be justified. I believe that the decision to try and introduce vehicle testing is another manifestation of the tendency to ape the American way of life and American way of dealing with motoring.

But, we are told, *something* must be done to reduce accidents. That is true. But at the moment *anything* is being done. The Government is piling rule on rule, penalty upon penalty, without ever having paused to lay down first principles. The Ministry of Transport's task should be to lay down and to state certain broad principles, such as that safety is aided by simplicity and that the simpler the driver's task, the better his chance of avoiding accidents. Until first principles are laid down, the multiplying of penalties and regulations will have no effect in reducing accidents.

—Oliver Stewart

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***Miss Gillian Taylor**, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Taylor, of Aldford Street, W.1, and Furze Creek, Bosham, Sussex, is engaged to Mr. Simon Kimmins, son of Capt. Anthony Kimmins, O.B.E., R.N. (retd.) and Mrs. Kimmins, of Queen's Gate, London, S.W.7*



Dorn

***Miss Judy William-Powlett**, daughter of Vice-Admiral Sir Peveril B. R. W. William-Powlett, K.C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., Governor of Southern Rhodesia, and Lady William-Powlett, is to marry Mr. Michael J. Colman, son of Sir Jeremiah Colman, Bt., of Malshanger, Basingstoke, Hampshire*

***Miss Lizanne Musgrave**, only daughter of Lt-Col. Sir Christopher Musgrave, Bt., O.B.E., and Lady Musgrave, of Norwood Tower, Belfast, is engaged to Mr. Thomas Bates, son of the late Capt. Giles Bates and of Mrs. Branfill, of Heatheridge, Hexham, Northumberland*



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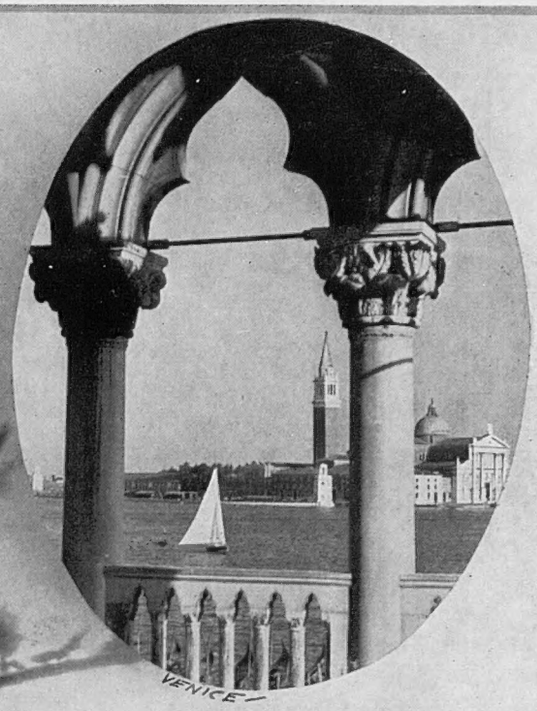
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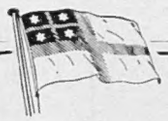
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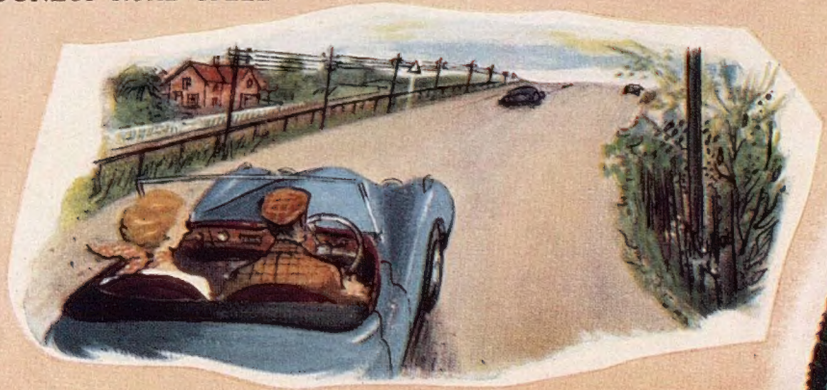
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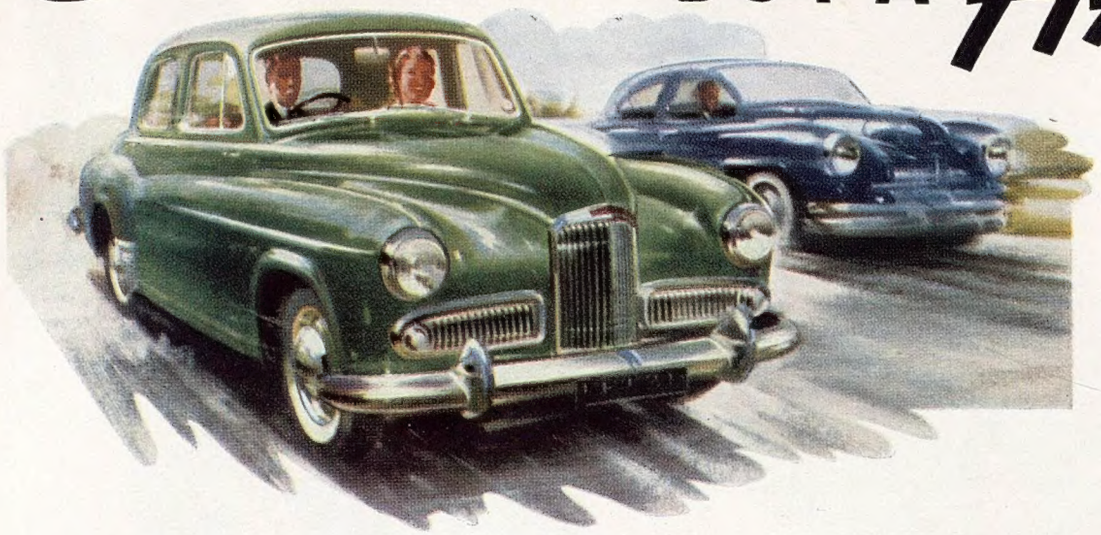


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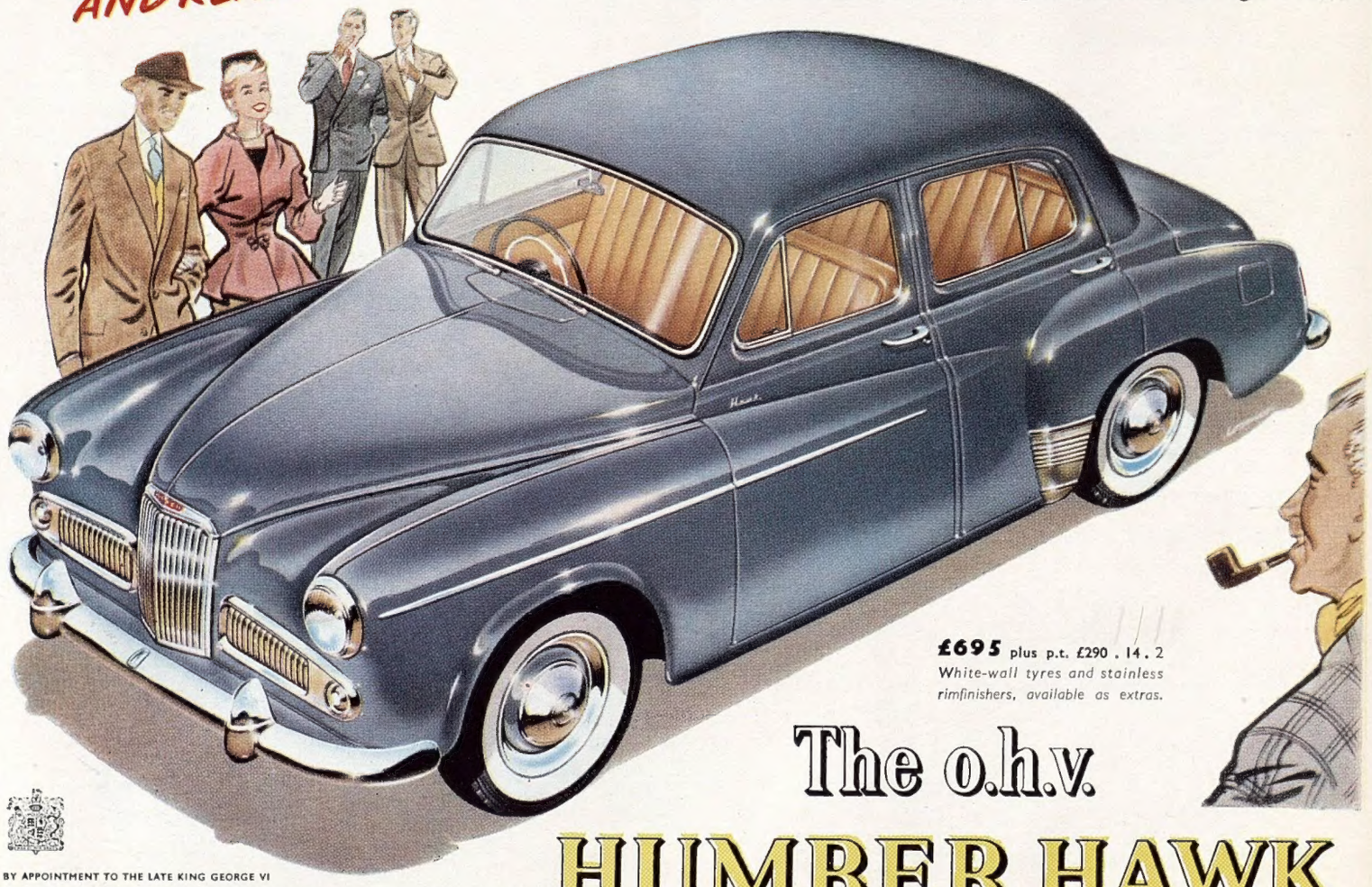


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